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The Book of the Class



of Nineteen Twelve



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Preface

IT is with great pleasure that we, the editors, present to the class this revised and expurgated edition of our Book. Our hope is that everyone will like it, simply because it is so like 1912. It has been another great opportunity to be natural, like Freshman Show and the circus and the well-trained-mob of he-rascals and she-rascals. And 1912, having had much practise, has no difficulty in throwing off the superficial cold veneer of formality and appearing in her charming star rôle of "herself as she really is." So it may or may not be a surprise to those who may read this book, because they were with us though not of us in college, to see us once more as we see ourselves. We hope our naturalness, drawing attention away from our conceit, may induce our former playmates to shed an affectionate tear over our nameplates while they try to remember to whom they belong.

I said we were natural here, yes, but there are articles, reserved for a special supplement and allowed only a private and limited circulation, in comparison with which these before you are a triumph of acting. Those suppressed effusions really would interest all our readers and we regret deeply that they are kept from them by the old-time habit of conservatism, too deeply rooted now to be shaken off, in spite of our interest in progressive measures shown in our political campaign. By the way, I am feeling a vast respect for that little incident in our career. It was positively uncanny the way we responded as a man to the proper impulses—even when being told to. Our one great failing was that we were not childish enough to think of balloons. As to the articles,—ask Biffie about Fellowship dinner and Polly about the "really interesting side of college life." There were some very exciting little secrets that *we* didn't know before. For gossip and a few details gleaned from the personal experience of an enthusiastic and insatiable student, see a certain article on "Nice Feelings" by Louise. Then there are others, all of which make up the Class Book as it might have been.

Oh! but there was another possibility, another field that we missed, and again just because we were natural. For, in the words of our favorite author, there are many reasons

for a girl not writing an article; she may not write it because she is busy, or because she has forgotten, or because she is too far away, or for a thousand thousand reasons, but the best of all reasons for a girl not writing an article is just because she doesn't—without rhyme or reason. There is always something so sad about this that it deprives the most eager of "eager editors" of all of her weapons. Here Conscientious Contributor, who has written one article, but is not notably of the faithful few, writes:

"There is no use. I thought that by now I might oblige you with a contribution, but I can't. Everytime I look at the sea it reminds me of the blue waters of the swimming pool, when I look at the rocks I am reminded of Taylor Hall, and when I notice the children—happy scientifically brought up children—I see the future of 1912, but still composition lags and the muse refuses to burn and inspiration to prompt. I would rather refuse bread to a starving kitten than more "words" to an eager editor, but what *can* I do? I've tried all the approved methods. I've sat hours with pencil poised ready to catch the young idea as it shot. I have read pages of Henry James and Matthew to "improve my style," but still I fall back on the golden silence. Dear Maysie I ain't possible!"

Now there is one of our best students and keenest wits, as one can see from the letter, hopelessly lost for Class Book. Even a telegram, which does amazing things with delinquents like Southwick and Pinney has no effect on her. Some of the letters are of a still sadder tone. One classmate who was with us two years and is noted for intellect and wit complains vaguely of her "state of mind"—an unanswerable plea:

"I am so sorry," she writes, "but I simply cannot do it. It isn't that I haven't time but that I *cannot* write. Believe it or not, but it is true. If I wrote anything you would simply have the pain of refusing it after all this talk. Sometimes I can write presentable English but I couldn't do even that now. Please, please, forgive me and believe that my state of mind is simply incomprehensible to your fertile intellect. I can't even compose a letter in my present state of mind."

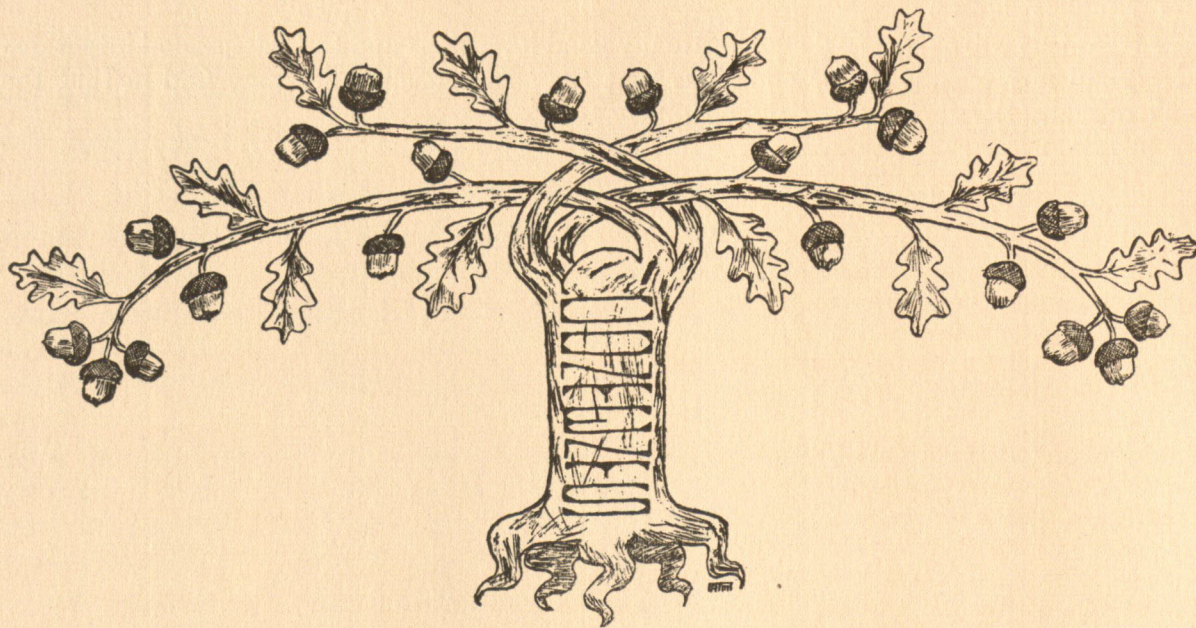
We had scarcely recovered from our grief on her account before we were assailed by this even sadder note:

"I have tried and tried—made myself, in fact the whole family, very unhappy. But Maysie dear, I *cannot* write. I bring Fanny to witness that I burned the midnight candle—

all to no purpose.” But I may say that at last our noble secretary rose to “fulfil her mission” and my highest hopes.

I trust this will suffice to demonstrate my good intentions and the class’s good intentions and explain any peculiarity or omissions that the cold unfeeling eye may find in this, the classic of really the very nicest class we know of.

M. A. M.



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First Ten

	PER CENT.
CAM, NORAH	89.794
STIRLING, JEAN WEDDERBURN.....	89.338
WATSON, LOUISE.....	85.935
WALTER, MARJORIE FANNIE.....	85.742
WOLFF, DOROTHY SYBIL.....	83.364
VINCENT, ISABEL DARLINGTON.....	83.047
CLARKE, PAULINE IDA.....	82.885
BARBER, HELEN DOROTHY.....	82.783
LAMB, LOUISE EMERSON.....	82.435
HAMMER, CHRISTINE POTTS.....	82.147

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AILEEN BARLOW.....	Second Matriculation Scholarship for Pennsylvania, etc.
SADIE BELIEKOWSKY.....	Trustees' Scholarship
MARION H. BROWN.....	Second Matriculation Scholarship for New York
GLADYS CHAMBERLAINE....	Second Matriculation Scholarship for the New England States
HELEN COLTER.....	First Matriculation Scholarship for the Western States
ANNA HARTSHORNE.....	Foundation Scholarship
ANNA HEFFERN.....	Trustees' Scholarship
REBECCA LEWIS.....	Bryn Mawr School Scholarship
MARGARET PRESTON.....	Bryn Mawr School Scholarship
LORLE STECHER.....	City Scholarship
JEAN STIRLING.....	Second Matriculation Scholarship for the Western States
HELEN TAFT.....	First Matriculation Scholarship for Penn. and Southern States
CARLOTTA WELLES.....	Second Matriculation Scholarship for Penn. and Southern States

Sophomore Year

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NORAH CAM.....	Maria Hopper Sophomore Scholarship
GERTRUDE ELCOCK.....	Maria Hopper Sophomore Scholarship
ANNA HARTSHORNE.....	Foundation Scholarship
ANNA HEFFERN.....	Trustees' Scholarship
REBECCA LEWIS.....	Bryn Mawr School Scholarship
PEARL MITCHELL.....	Minnie Murdock Kendrick Memorial Scholarship
LORLE STECHER.....	City Scholarship

Junior Year

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NORAH CAM.....	Maria Hopper Junior Scholarship
PAULINE CLARKE.....	James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship
GERTRUDE ELCOCK.....	Special Scholarship
ANNA HARTSHORNE.....	Foundation Scholarship
ANNA HEFFERN.....	Trustees' Scholarship
REBECCA LEWIS.....	Bryn Mawr School Scholarship
PEARL MITCHELL.....	Minnie Murdock Kendrick Memorial Scholarship
LORLE STECHER.....	City Scholarship

Senior Year

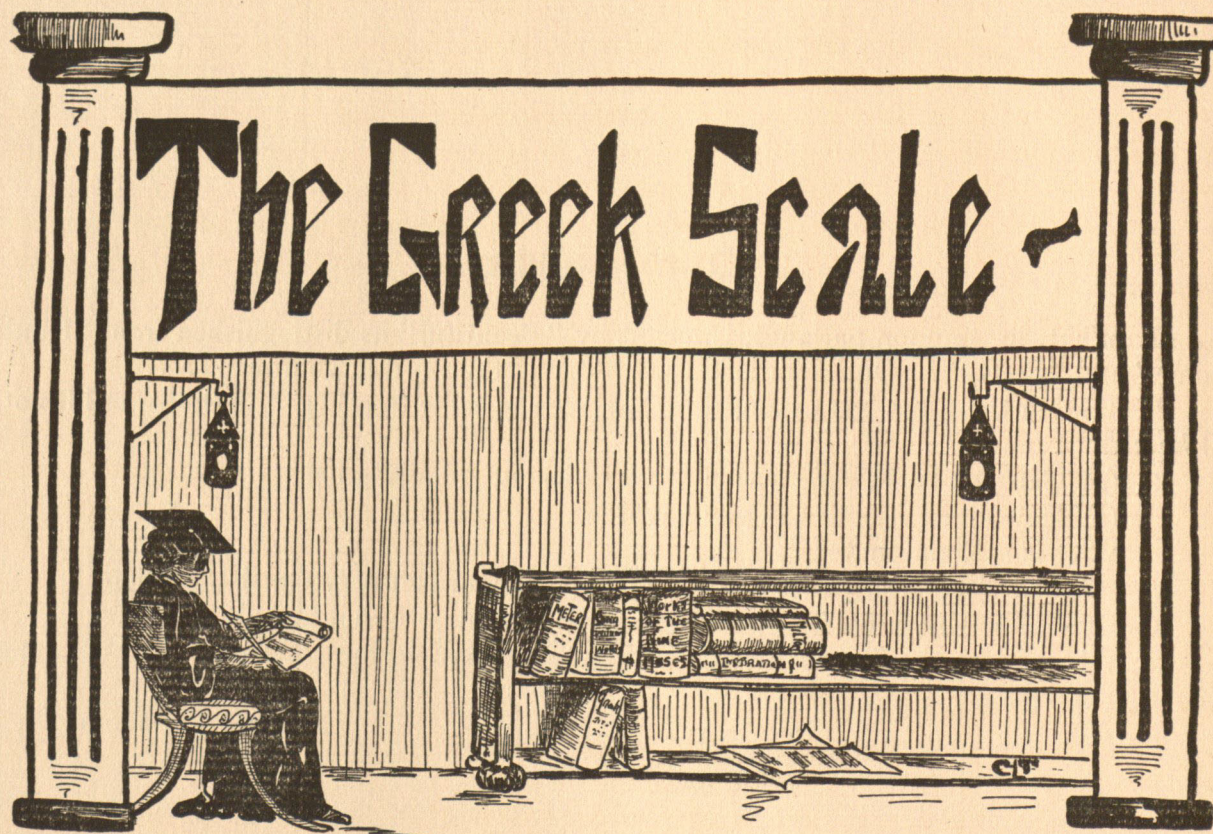
MARY ALDEN.....	Elizabeth Duane Gillespie Scholarship
PAULINE CLARKE.....	Special Scholarship
ANNA HARTSHORNE.....	Foundation Scholarship
ANNA HEFFERN.....	Trustees' Scholarship
REBECCA LEWIS.....	Bryn Mawr School Scholarship
PEARL MITCHELL.....	Minnie Murdock Kendrick Memorial Scholarship
LORLE STECHER.....	City Scholarship

NORAH CAM.....	European Fellowship
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HELEN DOROTHY BARBER.....	Mary Helen Richie Prize
LORLE STECHER.....	Graduate Scholarship in Philosophy

Questionnaire

1. What, in common parlance, is meant by "Beautiful" as distinguished from "handsome" and "pretty"? Outline briefly the history of the word in your own case.
2. Who in the Class has Changed Most since she came to college? Why?—and if not, *Why not?*
3. (a) Can you be Friends with a person without Admiring her?
(b) How many friends can you have?
4. Why is a Room-mate?
5. Is Good Temper any reason for liking a person, or is it only Good Digestion?
6. Define the Executive Temperament. (N. B. This does not include walk.)
7. Who will be the first in the Class to Get Married?—Florence, Zelda (and of course *yourself*) excepted?

DOROTHY S. WOLFF.



THE room was pervaded with a pale, greenish light resembling the radiance of moonbeams—a Whistler nocturnish kind of light (an inartistic person might have called it a sickly, bilious kind of light)—emanating from a 1911 Lantern clapped firmly on over the electric-light bulb. Underneath sat a figure, swathed in a black gown, “mystic, wonderful!” Upon her knee lay a scroll on which I could distinguish words, strange, broken words

with mysterious lines and other symbols scattered through them. Her eyes blazed with the divine fire of inspiration and her lips continually flung forth wild sounds. "A Sibyl," you will say, "with the leaves from her sacred book upon her lap; or perhaps one of the sisterhood of Cassandra uttering dire portents? Melpomene herself, maybe?" Wrong, all wrong! It was Monty composing our Freshman Lantern song.

It is difficult to get along with a genius. One must handle it with one's newest, whitest 16-button glacé gloves. At this present juncture, slipping mine on with haste, I said reverently,

"How *did* the idea come to you?"

"I was reading one of Milton's Latin poems," Monty replied, with a "that-explains-it-all" air.

"Oh! yes. I see, and you—er?"

"The meter sort of got into my head and then the music from some old Gregorian Chants I'd heard mingled in with it and the words simply came of themselves. Don't you think it's very Greek in spirit?"

In a dazed way I was trying to puzzle out the formula

$$\frac{\text{Miltonic meter} + \text{Gregorian Chant}}{\text{Inspiration}} = \text{Greek Spirit,}$$

so I could only murmur stupidly, "Greek?"

"Yes, and then of course it's written to the Greek Scale," and she illustrated vocally from the text; "it may have to be modified for the class."

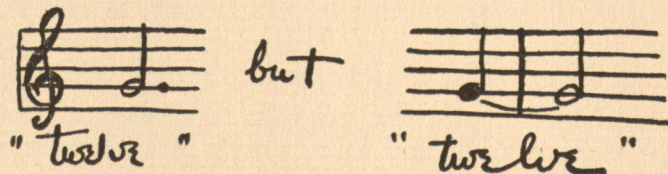
With a mental picture of 1912, packed sardine-wise in Music Room G, learning the Greek Scale, and 1912 in a straggly line pacing the chilly cloisters to the accompaniment of the Greek Scale, I agreed that "it might have to be modified."

The next week came a "Sturm und Drang Period" in the annals of the Class of 1912. Class-meeting succeeded class-meeting and the Lantern Song was the mooted question. The final battle was fought out in Merion Students' sitting-room. Partisan feeling ran high. The adherents of Mr. Brown, familiarly known as "the waltz king," stoutly proclaimed

the superior qualities of their candidate and those members of our "little Athenian Democracy" who remained true to the Greek tradition, as sturdily upheld Monty's protégé. Though I say it myself, I made an admirable campaign manager, for know, O reader, that by now I had become an "ever-faithful" devotee of those Druidic-Romanic-Ionic-Buddhistic harmonies. I was everywhere at once, explaining, arguing, illustrating, suggesting practical improvements in the "Scale," which would enable it to be learned with ease. Every now and then Monty would be requested to "sing it again." At such moments she arose, wrapped her gown about her in classic folds and, in time to the solemn notes of "Come we the Class o-of Nineteen Twe-e-elve," paced with as much majesty as the somewhat limited space would allow, back and forth between the table and the fireplace, chanting as she went. It was very impressive. We voted by a large majority to accept her song.

"And then the trouble began to brew,
Trouble that Monty couldn't subdue,"

that is, for a while. The song had to be adapted to popular needs. Jean and others put their beautiful heads together and discussed matters harmonious. They wore out the floor of Music Room G in a frantic effort to "ever increase" in peripatetic excellence, and still one little difficulty remained. They could walk, all right, and they could sing, all right, but they could not walk and sing at the same time. (This was awkward.) Monty could, but then Lantern Night was supposed to be a co-operative affair. At last they saw a great light and they said "Go to! We will not sing



See the difference? Simple yet momentous.

The rest belongs to history. Everybody knows of the great night and of the plaudits of an admiring multitude.

What I have tried to do, feebly and falteringly, mayhap, as one conscious of a great message and fearful lest he let drop some portion of his precious burden, is to draw the veil away from the first wonderful beginning of our Lantern Song, to give posterity a glimpse, a somewhat more *intime* impression of genius at work and of the rise and development of a masterpiece.

JULIA TAYLOR HOUSTON.



CATH THOMPSON says that it does not really amuse Mary Gertrude and me to throw bread and water across the table at our friends. We only do it to humour Louise when she feels playful and Jean and Pauline when they seek recreation from their conversation in blank verse. This has made us feel that our grade of wit was something quite superior. My conviction of it was unshaken until one day when I remarked enthusiastically to my fellow editors, "Don't you think course books and hazing would make funny articles?" After the pause, Biffie tactfully voiced the sense of the meeting and told me that if *I* thought so I could write them. On after thought I abandoned the course books for fear my record of having always made my course out wrong, so that all my pages are in glued bunches, might be attributed to stupidity rather than wit. Now there is a humour in hazing of that quiet, cynical sort that strikes you when the Freshmen slam a door in your face or start Anassa, and you know that but for your peculiar and excellent training you might have treated Shirley Putnam or Elsa Denison in this same breezy manner. The education 1911 gave us has, however, had such a far-reaching effect on the

class that I think it deserves a serious article. What else made us well-behaved and "beautiful but ineffectual?" What else doomed us to be conventional? The effect of that night not only decided our fate as a class, but it fixed the class attitude in different halls. Denbigh and Radnor conceal their history, but who can doubt its character when we see them playing about intimately with their friends in other classes. East had a feeling for the fitting from that very night, and Rock still shows the effects of long, perilous wandering in the basement. Is it connected at all with Monty's aerial adventure? West was changed from a rising and promising young hall into a mild, misunderstood motley. My experience, I think, was typical. I was awakened from my innocent sleep by a black form which drove me forth into the cold hall with a thin kimono and one slipper on—the mate to which she had kicked under the bed. I tried to pacify the invisible creatures with simple and sensible answers to their questions, never suspecting that Betty was merely testing my skill at repartee. Unfortunately I had never heard of Morgan le Fée. The smiling face of Lorraine (who spent the first night of college rooming with So'thick) was a slight comfort and we were taught to chant in concert:

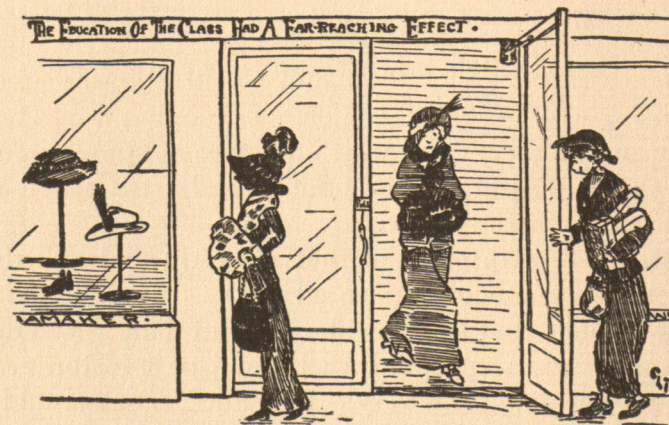
"Peep, brother, peep,
One little brother said to the other,
Peep, brother, peep."

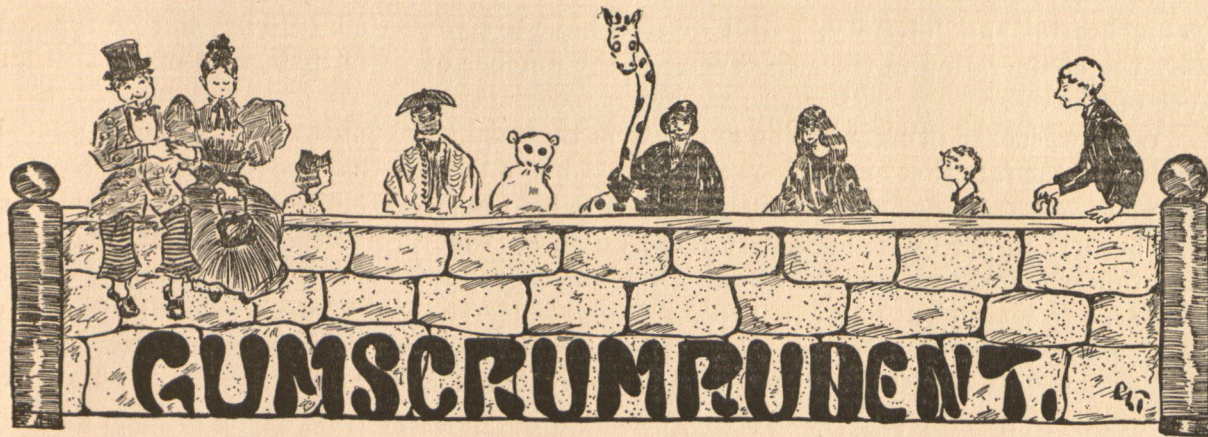
I preferred this to the penny race, from which my nose has never recovered. I especially resented swearing to the rules, but was brought to it by the spectacle of Grace Gordon being sent to Ragnarout for the third time.

At last I was restored to bed, but alas, not my own, and had to swear not to leave there till morning. Suddenly a figure appeared in the doorway, and, by the help of the moonlight, I made out at once that she was about twenty-six, very studious, tall and thin. We exchanged names—hers was Jean Southwick—and past histories. She cleverly gathered that I was short, fat and jolly, but very conscientious, for I would not give up my bed to her. I felt it my duty to stay there till dawn, but I calculated very closely and at about 4.15 got up and dashed into the hall. Instinctively "orienting" myself, I had no trouble

in finding Miss Thomas's sitting-room where our room should be. Something was wrong, so I went upstairs and this time hastily dashed into the room of a sleeping grad. She awoke and cursed, and I retreated. Finally I found my card on a very unfamiliar looking door, cautiously went in and identified the cat show, and then discovered in possession of my downy bed, Lorraine. My heart warmed to my companion of the night before, so I gently roused her, but she only said a sleepy "Um," and turned over. I tried again. She is a sound sleeper and she refused to move. I don't like to be personal, but it is hard for me to forget this. For two hours I shivered on the window seat and reflected on the eternal problem, "Why I came to college." There never could have been another hazing like that and there never was. But the other classes may well envy us our manners. Why even yet I get off the walk for the maids and absent-mindedly hold open the door for hours in Wanamaker's.

MARY ALDEN MORGAN.





WHATEVER the ultimate criticism may be on 1912 dramatics, it can never be said that our productions were not appreciated, for there is always the class to be considered, and they enjoyed their own plays hugely—probably more than any one else. I'm convinced that there never was a class that pulled together in the matter of plays as we did. If Beatty and Gertrude hadn't already appropriated the motto of "work hard for 1912" for their own personal use I should adopt it immediately as characteristic of 1912 dramatics. From the very beginning—when we had such difficulties in casting the various animals in *Gumscrumrudent*, owing to the lack of organization and system that later characterized our casting committee—on through the awful moment when Miss Hartwig carried M. Brown to the Infirmary and the hind legs of the cow failed to show up, in every emergency the class rose as a man and filled in each gap.

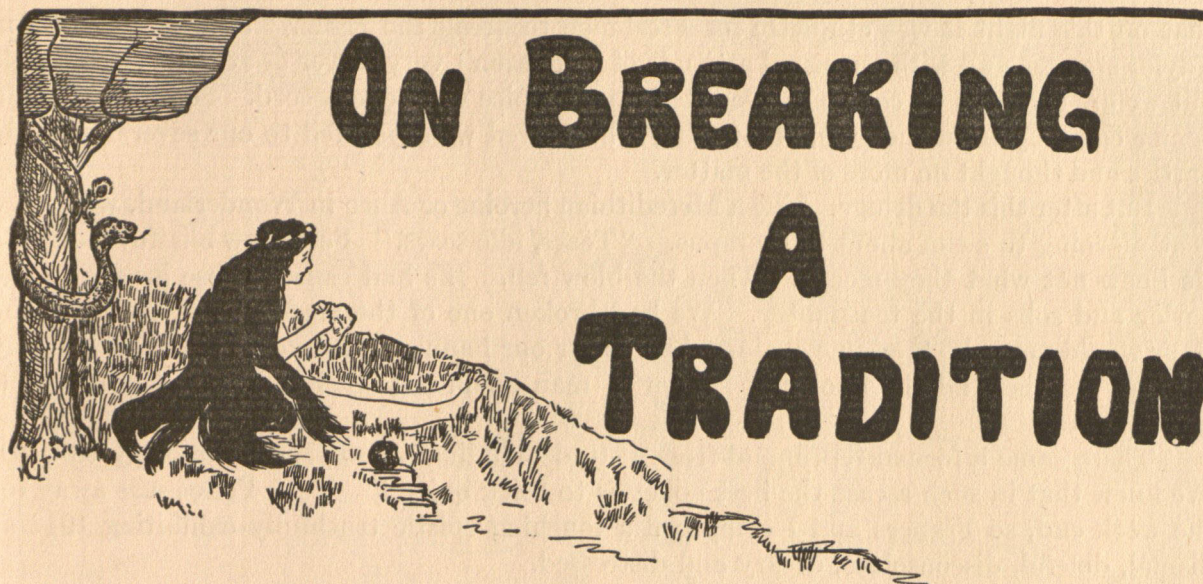
Even at that early time the attitude of "not one but many" was clearly evident in 1912 dramatics. We welcomed 1911 to our Show with not one song but two. That first classic entitled "Lift up Your Voice in One Accord" contained all those "touches" which are so characteristic of Freshmen songs and I may say of all 1912's poetic attempts. In that song we insisted in naming over the four corners of the compass; we got in "the flame" and the

“young hearts” and “eternity.” But we shall have to confess that 1913 has since surpassed us by the enumeration in their class song of the number of years that go to make up that space of time.

What we lacked in organization and system that night, we made up for in our eagerness to help and the fact that one zealous assistant (I blush to state that the person was no other than one of our esteemed authors) in her efforts to help the scene shifters, cut down the front stage borders in her excitement. It must be noted that it was this same author-in-collaboration who insisted on acknowledging curtain calls in spite of her costume and the fact that owing to her violent efforts at scene shifting, her large toe protruded flagrantly through her stocking. But Barb's costume was nothing to Karin's. I tremble even yet when I think of our Beaver with her fetching costume made out of two grey sweaters and a neat tea apron! And I still feel very strongly, when I think of that august Committee on Protest headed by Cath Thompson, who begged the management to utilize the Class Beauty to the best advantage instead of covering it with a beard!

When the night of the show finally came, every one of 1912—except those in the Infirmary—was in it, and every one was happy. The College was very kind in its criticism and as for 1912, we loved it so much that the following year we indulged in a circus—that being the nearest approach to a Freshman show that we could think of. Junior year we digressed and gave our first serious plays “Les Romanesques” and “The Man of Destiny.” But Senior year we reverted once more, and in our Senior Play, “If I were King,” we found the true expression of what we had first experienced in Freshman Show, and had found was what we liked best—mob spirit.

JULIA LORING HAINES.



EVERY Freshman class wot is a class, makes great dramatic breaks. Some time or other we all cheer after "Thou gracious," or start "Anassa," or announce in the dining-room, "There will be a meeting of the Freshman class." But 1912 really distinguished itself beyond all ordinary classes.

Food is the reason for all college entertainments and most college *faux-pas*. And the cause of our great break was hunger. It was the night of Junior-Senior Supper Play and Sophomore Class Supper. We had dined early upon roast beef and mashed potatoes, and full of unsatisfied cravings we had later watched 1911 group around the jovial board and partake greedily (as it seemed to us) of *hors d'œuvres* and *entrées* with elaborate names. 1909 and 1910 we knew were banqueting royally in the gym. Only we poor Freshmen had to keep body and soul together on a meal shown by scientific investigation to contain practically nothing but starch. As we wandered dismally out onto the campus, some one suggested

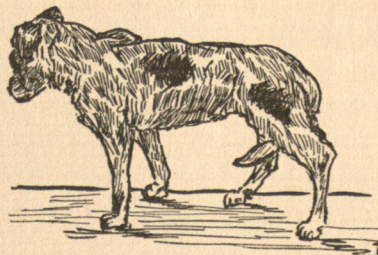
that on this night it was etiquette for Freshmen to break the Senior tradition and sing on Taylor steps. And with our usual attitude of "We aren't very clever or athletic or dramatic but we *are* nice and we *can* sing" we lifted up our voice with one accord. Soon, however, a Senior came by from the gym, and feeling a bit cowed we separated to our several sleeping parties and thought no more of the matter.

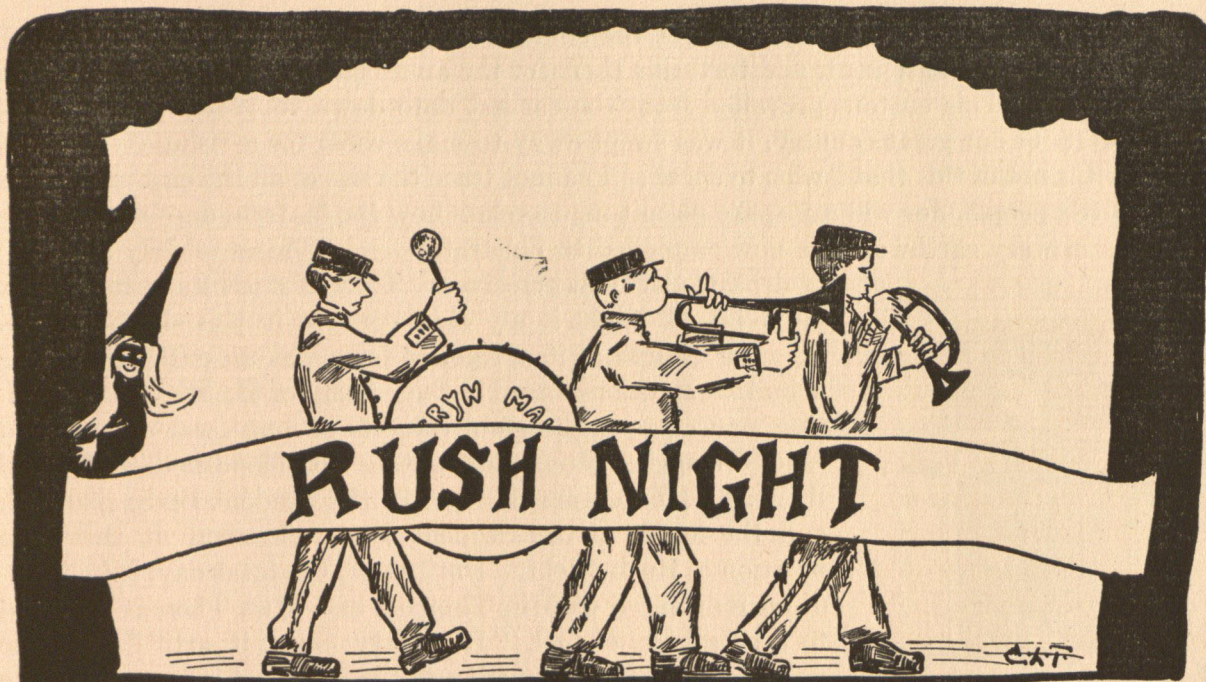
But after this the deluge. Like a Meredithian heroine or Alice in Wonderland, we awoke next morning to swim about the campus. "Tears, idle tears." For a few blissful moments we knew not what they meant. Then the blow fell. *We* had caused those groans in the parlor and sobs in the tea pantry. We had broken one of the traditions of college. The steps would never be the same again. And as for our banner, heretofore unstained even by wind or weather, all the apologies known to man could not wash out this damned spot. Oh! Oh! Oh!

There came a formal reprimand from 1910 demanding a more formal apology to 1909. We knew that in such a case the best policy is to "lick quick." Mary Peirce was away for the week end, so Frances and I composed a touching epistle truthfully exhibiting 1912 as dismal, doleful, disconsolate, dreary and distressed.

And then much to our surprise tears began to flow less freely. We had scarcely dared hope for forgiveness much less for forgetfulness. We expected to be held up to future generations of Freshmen as an awful example. But strange to say we found that our notoriety was only a nine days affair. The steps are still sacred and it is only when trying to comfort some Freshmen for a minor break that we say, "Oh, never mind; you see 1912 can't be particular, because we broke the record."

JEAN W. STIRLING.





OR THE PURPOSE OF ART IS TO ELEVATE

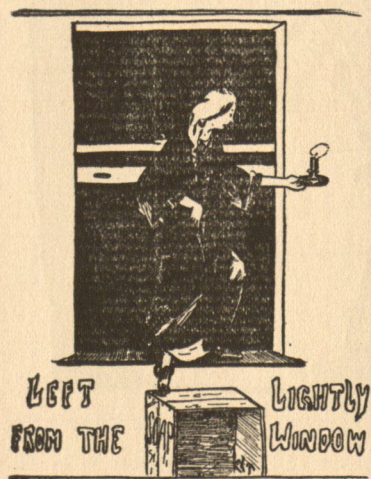
THERE was once a glorious time in the history of Bryn Mawr traditions (it has been compared to the Italy before Raphael) when all art was unconscious, and joyously unrestrained. In those "days beyond recall" the Student Body was bound by no self-conscious rules. It lept lightly from the windows after half past ten, smoked cigarettes up the chimneys, and walked up from the eight-fifteen without waiting for the lantern man.

A beautiful folk custom grew up among this cloistered group of the privileged,* which

*Its origins have been traced by some scholars to the Greek festivals in honour of Bacchus, and by others to the Elizabethan sport of bear-baiting; for controversy, see Ancient MSS. lately discovered in the Self-Gov. coffin by the eminent scientist, H. Barber.

consisted in dragging the new members of the community by their hair to a secluded spot, generally near Rock basement, and torturing them for the amusement of the chief dignitaries of the college. This custom prevailed from the earliest date down to 1910 when, like the virgin forests of our great country, it was swept away to make room for a rising civilisation.

But it is not of this that I wish to speak. I cannot trace the rise of all the customs of this strange little people, nor will my space permit me to relate how the lantern, once used to discover the unwary earthworm, is now employed to illustrate Greek hymns—chiefly a change of department, you perceive. These I must leave for deeper minds; Rush Night is my chief concern in this short treatise.



Rush Night in its unspoiled form was an outlet for all the primitive emotions caged in the breasts of B. M. C. "Primitive man all over the globe delights in songs, war dances, and crude struggles often culminating in bloodshed." So did B. M. C. For years the eyes of the Student Body sparkled, and the hands of the Student Body clenched at the mere mention of Rush Night. Until once, Oh fatal day, Miss Madison murmured to Miss Thomas, and Miss Thomas repeated to a breathless chapel, "'It's pretty! but *is* it art?'" The die was cast, the seed crossed, and the fatal Rubicon sown in the hearts of the Student Body. * * * For years they struggled against the horrid imputation. Sophomores sat up nights reading Burke on the "Sublime and the Beautiful" and Ruskin

on the "Objects of Art." Costumes were devised, picturesque noises were procured, at great expense, from the village. Yes, all that girls could do, the Student Body did. But still

"A horrid whisper came, and made
Their hearts as dry as dust."

Even Mrs. Nelson took to asking the Student Body when she had them well down in the suds, "Well now, miss, Is it art?" They fled for comfort and Dutch bread, only to be

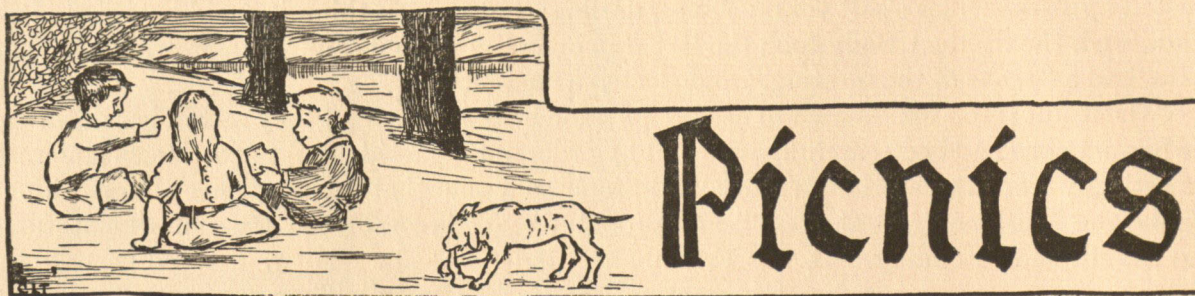
greeted by Mrs. Miller's soft tones: "Yes, darling; but do you think it could be called art." Maddened, the Student Body took the last step open to humanity, burnt their bridges behind them, had a "sense of the meeting," and elected a committee.

The result is too well known to need reiteration here. One night they met in hot debate—the hymn books had been carefully removed by order of the president. Catherine Delano rose majestically from the seething crowds and proposed a plan that should silence all opposition, "make the Freshmen feel at home" and probably react favorably on the endowment fund and the students' building. It was Freshman Parade. As she read we listened eagerly for some chance to express our dynamic emotions, as Carlyle and C. Thompson would say. It was artistic, it was æsthetic; it was clear and chaste as a calla lily. It left one with the unsatisfied feeling of a half-seen portrait, or a Saturday lunch. We trembled as Delano's voice rose to the last sentence, then all hearts leapt, and all hopes were fulfilled as she concluded "and there will be a band." * * *

The next year, in the fall of 1911, Freshman Parade was tried. I have but one comment to make.

"There was a band!"

ISABEL VINCENT.



(SPEECH: COLLEGE BREAKFAST)

AS President of the Penny Pig Picnic Association, I feel myself eminently qualified to write on this subject. The P. P. P. A. consists of four frugal members who drop their pennies into a cocoa can and periodically eat together under a bush with the accumulated wealth. There is \$1.18 in the can now. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" is our motto, and one need only look at the writer to prove it.

I am thinking of publishing a Manual for the Use of Picnickers—The Bryn Mawr Campus Topographically Considered, with Special Reference to Flora and Fauna

Fauna is Ants
Flora is Garlic.

They grow chiefly in the hollow and add a zest to any meal.

There are various kinds of picnics. Personally I could never see the *raison d'être* of a faculty picnic. It would be too great an effort for me to keep up the exalted standard of light, witty conversation suited for such an occasion, for how can one use circumlocution when an ant is drowning?

The remarks made at picnics are interesting and illustrative of Bryn Mawr conversation in general. One could predict them almost certainly beforehand. "Isn't that the most

heavenly sunset?" "I always feel so peaceful when I eat." "I couldn't bear it in the dining-room to-night." Then some one starts "Eveline," and as the campus lights come out and the mists rise from the bowl of the lower hockey field, the close melodies from the scattered groups mingle in a general peaceful, lazy discord, the musical counterpart of picnic fare.

There are some advantages about a rainy picnic. If you are carrying seven pillows



under your arms, a scrapbasket filled with viands in one hand and with cup handles over each finger are poising a pitcher of grape-juice lemonade on your palm, it is bound to spill a little no matter how slow and majestic your tread. But if it rains, it will be replenished from the skies and will be all the better for you for being a little weaker.

I should like to give one warning, however. If you go on a rich delicious picnic like those bounteous ones the Hinglish Club provides despite the protestations of the penurious Edgie, do not go up into the Library Tower. There is a very small crack through which one insinuates oneself—and you remember the fable of the thin mouse who went through a little

crack into a corn bin and ate and ate? So unless you have bread and milk only, take my advice and go to the Hollow. (*Hollow is a suitable name for a meeting-place for the famished, isn't it?* Lorraine sighed at this joke. She is looking over my shoulder.)

Finally, a picnic is a great educational instrument. It teaches one self-reliance, and brings out our latent faculties of invention. The other day we went on a picnic to some beautiful woods. Our table was spread with a fair cloth

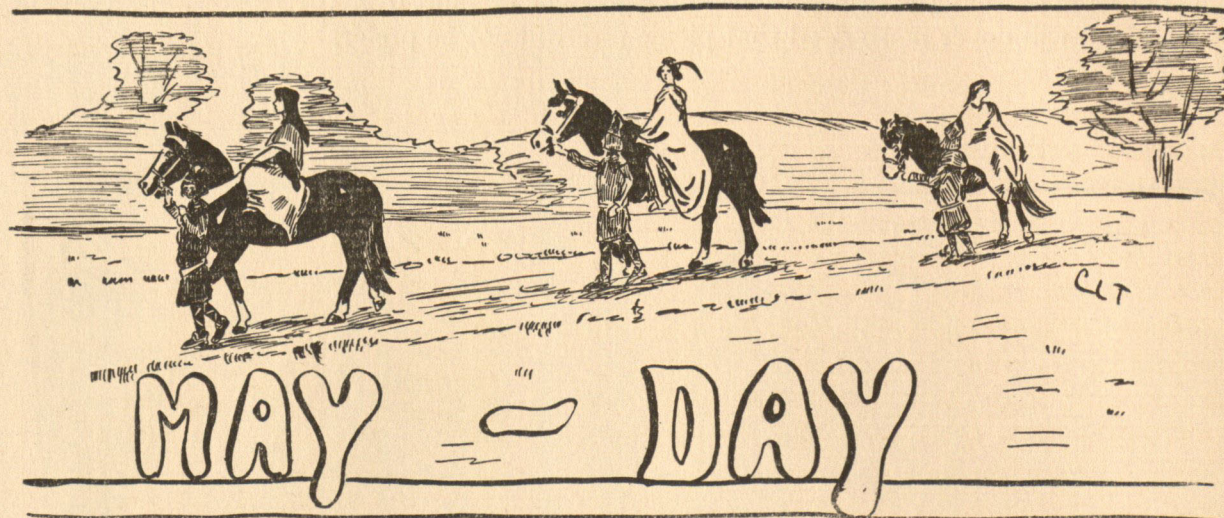


of quaker ladies, violets and spring beauties and shaded by a roof of May apples. A brook murmured, an orchard oriole sang. We laid out the crisp shredded wheat, the smooth cream, the golden oranges taken from Marjorie Walter, and four pieces of candy taken from Sara Smith. Then, O horror! we discovered that though plentifully supplied with saucers, we had no spoons. We did not run back to college to get them. A clean twig is a great assistance in a case like this.

Let us hope that the Students' Building will not be built over the Hollow, and that the college food will never be so good that picnic fare will not be preferable.

FRANCES HUNTER.





THE May-day of the poets is not the May-day of Bryn Mawr. Ours somehow lacks the spontaneity of that far-off golden age. Freshman year, it is true, we sprang up in our innocence willingly enough in the gray dawn after class supper. A soft rain fell, the Seniors straggled to Rock in limp white dresses; President Thomas, well wrapped up, tried to be at ease with a basket of flowers; the band was cheerful with an air of grim determination,—one always wonders of what the band is thinking on occasions like this. Everyone gamboled about in the wet grass eager to do the proper thing, and argued as to which class snarled up its May pole worst. Even our *naïveté* was a little forced. The only person who seemed really happy was the May queen, who got a present.

The next year we felt much more sympathy for Corinna; indeed, we were no more eager than she to “spring sooner than the lark to bring in May.” We prudently if not poetically, filled little baskets with violets for our juniors the night before. We dickered with fate as to

who should hand them around next morning, and fate picked out So'thick,—only fancy can adequately picture So'thick doing this little job. On that day, too, Spring seemed a little sullen at our forced devotions.

Of course these yearly celebrations are merest tinsel beside the real May-day, which lingers all golden in our memories. There were plenty of humorous elements even here, however, such as the preliminary inspection of shrinking legs, performed by the dance directors with business-like detachment. Who can ever recall, without joy, our Edgie reeling with loud laughter around the cloister, the shrieking Charlotte in the hollow, Hoby in a mitre, Monty being a priestess as though she were born to the trade, So'thick trying to keep her orange wig on her head and hiding shyly behind the other Cupids lest she be seen by the family chauffeur. We can even smile now, with lapse of time, at our efforts to dance on grass in wobbly sandals. There were days of preparation to be sure when one would have liked to pinch the mincing Graces, when one could not bear to hear again, "Tell me, Time, Tell me, just Time." But when the real day came, how smoothly everything went. Romance touched us for once, and we moved in a far-away world of kings and chimney-sweeps, knights and outlaws, dancing peasants and singing harvesters. We appreciated ourselves much more than the indiscriminating crowds appreciated us. For once we drank to the full the pleasure of being picturesque in a picturesque setting.



WE SPRANG UP IN OUR INNOCENCE

PAULINE CLARKE.

ROOM MATES.



SOMEWHERE back in the dim ages of Sophomore year there came a spirit of unrest upon the class of 1912, which chiefly manifested itself in an ardent desire for room-mates, but so quickly and completely did we change our minds that no one knew who was rooming with whom for more than twenty-four hours at a time. Now I know that the experience was not unique, but it was new to us, and we suffered accordingly. The worst of it was, that apparently there was no way out of the tangle, and in the midst of it—O irony of fate—I was told to give a speech on room-mates at class-supper. I gnashed my teeth and tore my hair and looked upon myself and cursed my fate, and then relieved the monotony of life by retiring to the Library roof with Isabel and Helen and telling all the jokes that couldn't be used in our speeches. Those were rare and subtle jokes about the inadequacy of

the English language and others of that type. Then suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, I had a great idea. In fact it was the great idea of my life. The whole problem of room-mates could be solved on the simple principle of Eugenics. Dr. Stanton Coit had told us a few weeks before that if a cross-eyed woman married a wall-eyed man, the children would look straight ahead. That particular instance may not be correct, but the principle remains the same. I was dizzy at the vistas suddenly opened up before me. It was in my power to create a race of super-women here at Bryn Mawr. For instance, if Spry and Mary Gertrude were to room together, in time Mary Gertrude would smile at us with only gentle melancholy. Then there was the combination of Cynthia and Julia. I felt that this was one which would appeal specially to the office. If the theory held, Julia would work only twenty-eight hours a day, limit herself to twelve committees and no longer walk from Taylor to the Library so fast that she was only a streak across the campus, and Cynthia might be able to take ten o'clock classes. In the case of Pinney and K. Shaw the scheme would work wonders. At the end of four years they would be wearing each other's clothes with the greatest ease. If Isabel Vincent roomed with Christine she might habitually spell daffodils with at least one "f," instead of "ph," and be able to see the mythological reference implied in our allusion to a "bear-footed" man among the Coburn Players. Then there is my own case. If Jean were to room with me persistently and unflaggingly for four years I might be able to sing the tunes of at least three of the songs, instead of every other word of about six, and make a striking distinction between my rendering of the tune of *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, and *Thou gracious Inspiration*. If Dorothy were to have Edgie always by her side, she might sometimes waste a whole half-minute. But why need I elaborate the scheme. At present statistics are being collected by the office, and in future years the unscientific method of room-draw will be only a dim tradition and be looked upon as belonging in the same class with rush-night and hazing.

MARJORIE L. THOMPSON.



THE above title is extremely well chosen—it might mean anything. That is why it is eminently fitting that the treatise which follows should mean—except to those most intimately connected—absolutely nothing.

The “ways and means” of a good many ends have been neither unique nor enlightening, but those set forth by fair Bryn Mawr, for relieving the economic difficulties of the college, deserve a place in history.

“The time has come,” Miss Thomas said,
 “To talk of many things;
 Of carpets and of Christmas pies,
 Of mattresses and springs.”

For a month we had been bothered by the fact that the door opening from Pembroke East towards Dalton remained locked. None of us could guess the reason, but Miss Thomas told us. Said Miss Thomas: “The endless throng of students from other halls, passing through that hall, was wearing out the carpet at an absolutely incalculable rate, as is clearly shown by the statistics which Dean Maddison has given me. Thus for every week, for every foot of each student, I should say of course, for each foot of every student, just so many yards

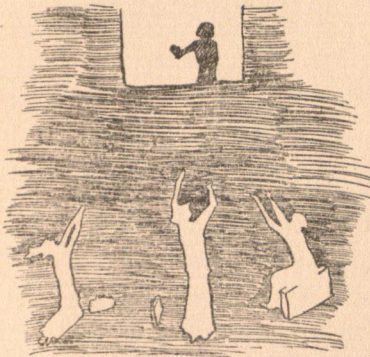
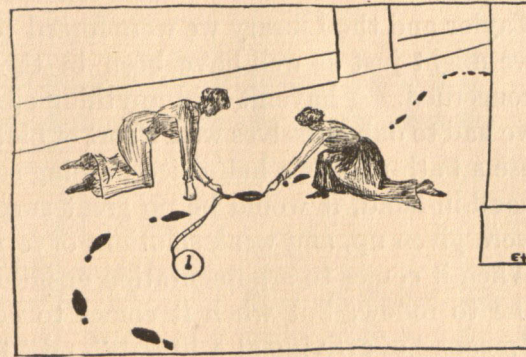
of carpet were rendered worse than useless. The number of yards of course would depend upon the size of the student, and the number—that is to say the size of her feet. Therefore we have kept the door locked, for it is only by such cutting out of these little difficulties and extra things that we can at all reduce the high cost of living.

“Another difficulty provided for is that of mistakes—such as the mistake made in the food department recently, amounting to the value of ninety-five dollars, twenty-seven and one-half cents.

You remember that two Christmas dinners were given to the college instead of the usual one Christmas dinner. That mistake cost Miss Parris—our economical advisor who discovered it—that mistake cost Miss Parris just eight hours sleep. That is it cost the faculty—each member of the faculty counting as two—an average loss of sleep of not quite nine minutes. Of course such mistakes as these could not keep on happening, and so the college has elected Miss Garrett to be the one to correct, at least three days previously, all mistakes apt to be made—especially those made by the president.

“As for the alumnae and non-resident students who wish to stay all night, they are another difficulty which must be cut out. Mr. Foley tells me that two or three times he has found indigent alumnae under the windows down at Radnor, actually wishing to occupy the students’ beds. This must be forbidden; the alumnae must be told that the college cannot afford to have any student pay for one bed, and then sleep in it double. The expenses of the college must be reduced. I will ask the students to sing now ‘Thou gracious Expurgation.’”

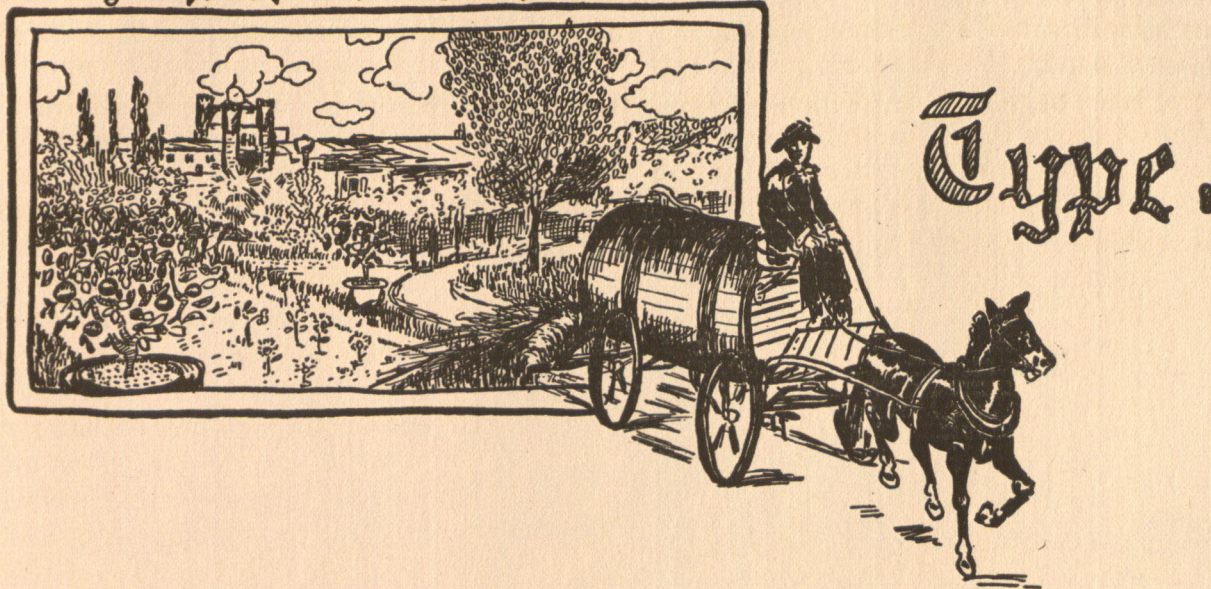
Well I might mention a lot of “means” that Miss Thomas didn’t touch on. For example, I have not told how in Dalton,



Taylor and the Library we were forced to use a "penny in the slot" machine to get a drink; we might just as well have been in the great Sahara as far as quenching our thirst was concerned. I haven't said anything either about the way our towels were taken away and we had to dab ourselves with a sort of blotting paper arrangement, or, in the halls of residence, use a bath-mat or a half-dried bathing suit. In this place where sanitation and economy go hand-in-hand, it would be no great surprise if, sometime in the near future, coffee and tea were given up, and weak solutions of formaldehyde and boracic acid instituted in their stead. When it comes to argumentation or induction, the method of elimination is by all means the one to follow, but when it comes to economics it's a different matter. Yet what surer "means" of arriving at a literal "end" than elimination? Charles I and Marie Antionette are noteworthy examples of its effectiveness—isn't that enough?

KATHARINE L. SHAW

The Beautiful, Ineffectual



(SPEECH: SOPHOMORE CLASS SUPPER)

THE Beautiful, Ineffectual Type, Frances Hunter" that is what the program says, but the epithet applies to each of my classmates as forcibly as it does to me. I have only to look at Scrib's eyes, Terry's nose, Rosie's hair, Maysie's chin, Barb's ankles, and 1912's record in the gym-contest to prove this.

My remarks are taken from the works of Matthew Arnold and Gladys Spry—Matthew furnishes the title, Gladys the inspiration. Whatever worth these poor remarks may have

is all due to them. You may have been present (if you had a nickel) at the first open meeting of the Hinglish Club at which aforesaid Spry read a speech, unequaled for spontaneous humour, on "The Fatal Coise." "What is this Fatal Coise?" she read in vibrant accents. "It is Beauty! We all have it." Yes, my classmates, she was right. We all have it. Look at our class-picture, at Lorraine especially. You will seldom see a collection of such faces, simultaneously.

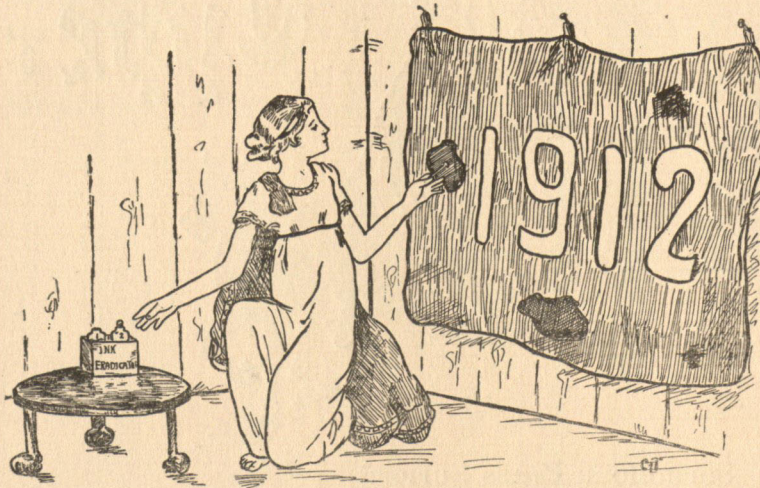
I come to you to-night with a message. What if we have furnished a Venus, three Graces and a Sexton to May-Day? Must we be ineffectual as well as beautiful? Must the two adjectives be indissolubly and forever linked? Let us in our own peculiar way be of some service to our college and our time; beautiful and effectual at once. May we not be like the pool in the cloister when the water is turned off, that merely lies still to be admired, but let us, like Mr. Foley's watering wagon, sprinkle beauty and joy wherever we go.

Now, how can we begin, that is the first question that confronts us. I have a few suggestions to make, and I know that you will have a great many more.

First:—Let us raise a little money and get some ink-eradicator and take the yellow spots off our banner.

It will then be good as new
Fresh, and clear and baby-blue.

Second:—Let us abolish the hideous type of athletic garb now prevalent among us,





which transforms even our beautiful Sour-Ball Southwick into a peripatetic dumpling. I should suggest Greek costumes with fillets and long chitons. The resultant spectacle would recall the old Olympic games and would be most instructive, and in accordance with our Athenian atmosphere. I dare say, moreover, that we should make quite as many goals as we do in our present disfiguring attire.

Third:—I think we might use our influence to keep the whole college in costume all the time. Our May Day apparel was taken from us just as shame was changing into pleasure, and given to the moth-ball. If Miss Parris should wear to lectures her costume, giddy, abbreviated, green as the pea; and if the men professors should follow suit (as of course they would) Bryn Mawr would need no cut-rule. Mr. King as Cupid or Chantecler could no longer combine a purple tie, pink shirt, brown vest, black coat, and gray gaiters. Lectures would delight the eye as well as the ear.

Fourth:—We must bring beauty and joy into Low Buildings. You don't know how unhappy they are down there. And why, do you ask? Because they have no proper reading, nothing but Elizabethan Drama and the *Tip*. Do you know that Cath. Thompson came out in the train from town the other day and sat behind Miss Crandall and Miss Fullerton. The braided head and the puffed head were close together over a printed page. No, it was not Henry James. Guess again. No, not the *Atlantic Monthly* or Turgenieff's novels. Pretty poor! It was "Why William Got Engaged" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Now, of course, an English reader could not subscribe to that paper and keep her self-respect. She can only purchase it surreptitiously in town and smuggle it out to the campus. Think how happy we could make them by being a little thoughtful and sending them our old ones. Think of the effect of "Pretty Girl Papers" on Miss Maddison,

"Pretty Girl Papers
Pretty Curl-Papers;"

that is what would happen. And she would be the next to join the Princeton colony.

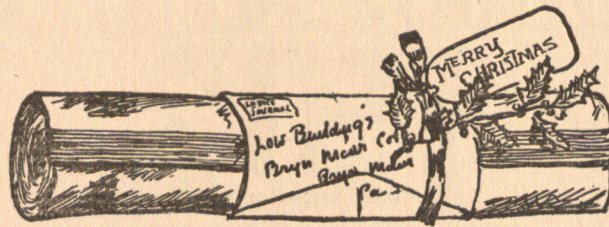
These things that I have just mentioned apply, however, only to our actions in college. Shall we cease, then, to be Beauty Spreaders when we have spread to the East and the West

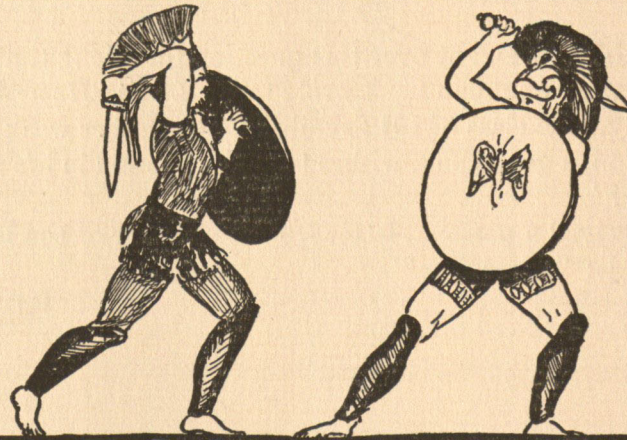
and the North and the South? I thought over this question for a long time, and then determined to ask the advice of a wiser one than I. I wrote to the *Ladies' Home Journal* as follows:

"A beautiful young lady, (the class of 1912 symbolically,) rather weak, but willing, with a good voice, sweet disposition, a good cook, wishes to find a mission in life on leaving college. Can you suggest something?"

The very next day I received a personal letter from a member of the Editorial Staff. It consisted of these two words: "*Marry me!*"

FRANCES HUNTER.





THE CREEK SPIRIT OF 1912

WE were not at all surprised when as neophytes we came to Bryn Mawr to hear of "the Bryn Mawr Spirit." Though Freshmen, we knew that every thing, place, and person has a spirit. In our ante-Bryn Mawr career we had heard of all kinds of spirits,—ghost spirits, mean spirits, kindly spirits, and the spirit of which the minister spoke, when he said to the ladies of his congregation, "Ladies, I thank you for the preserves, and above all for the spirit in which you sent it."

Armed with this abundant knowledge, we looked around carefully before adopting what was to be the peculiar spirit of the class of 1912. In those days, Matthew Arnold, to whom

1912 was introduced under the happy auspices of the English Department, was in the heyday of his Bryn Mawr popularity. We succumbed completely to that Apostle of Culture; he stirred our *soul*; and we looked about for an appropriate emblem of our experience. We pondered long, soul, s-o-u-l, s—o—u—l, we said to ourselves, long drawn out, just as Scrib says, "Land, Land, Land!" in her Columbus oration. Then, presto! we discovered our emblem! The Butterfly! The Soul Butterfly! Greek students like Karin Costello, Florence Glenn, and Mary Brown, put their classical heads together, and evolved a motto in Greek letters that told of the wonderful power of the soul. A few of us may sometimes be in doubt as to what our ideal exactly is, but we need not be discouraged. We may always take pride in the shining success of our æsthetes, especially Pauline Clarke, Marjorie Thompson, and Isabel Vincent, who have solved any difficulties to their utmost satisfaction. They have so developed in soul, in four years' time, that a graduate course of one year at Bryn Mawr, may find them each possessed of an over-soul. What would poor 1912 do then, and Nietzsche dead?

Our motto has this merit however, it is a polite motto.* It merely states a fact; it doesn't command the rest of us to do anything. We may take for granted that our souls are all right. Following the policy inaugurated by our motto, we have always been a polite class. We hold with Dr. Sanders that an imperative is rude. Spry and Catharine Arthurs, instinctively recognising this fact, have found that Mary can do without her gavel for weeks at a time.

Others have recognised the Greek Spirit of 1912, for instance, that connoisseur Mr. King. In freshman days, before she had become so enamoured of the campus, we often saw Helen Barber in glorious stride on her way to the village. We humbly compared her to the Nike of Samothrace. Sophomore year, Mr. King recognised the fact that there was something colossally Greek about Helen; he solved the difficulty by casting Helen as "a full-blown Venus."

A 1914 person revealed to me a peculiarly Greek quality in another of our members. Young 1914 was giving me clues to the person she was "interested" in. *She* lives in Pem.

*For those who may have forgotten let me state that our motto is:—Ψύχη φύσιν Ὀχεῖ καὶ ἐχέει. "The soul permeates and possesses all nature."—EDITOR.

East, full name has fourteen letters, and her brown eyes make the rest of her face beautiful. After I had carefully worked out the problem presented, I discovered the full significance of that famous Greek phrase, "ox-eyed Hera."

We all know how our Greek Spirit has manifested itself in song. Freshman year, Monty with artistic sympathy produced us a Lantern song, liberally oiled with the Greek Spirit. But Biffy and Dorothy Wolff with an eye to future reward and punishment, waited till the very end of Senior year before they made us intone to the world in hymns of Epic length, our keen joy in the Greek Spirit.

We are indebted to the Greek Spirit for many things. It has enabled us to laugh appreciatively at two types of humour as divergent as Spry's and Polly's; or enjoy the subtlety of a duet by Shaw and Pinney; or appreciate the situation when, at our last class supper, a colored waiter emerged from the Pem. kitchen door just as Carlotta was warbling "Dark Phœbus skims the sky."

The nicest thing about the Greek Spirit we developed was that it has been not the brand Dorothy Wolff advocates, but of the genuine Sophoclean sort, "kindly and well meaning." This has given our class that exquisite touch of "the sweetly reasonable." It has made us "easy going" in regard to all class business, and hence we have benefited by having two songs to grace every occasion, two plays for one evening, and other things, too numerous to mention, in double quantities. At last in America those elements which Matthew Arnold so sorely missed on his visits here in the early 80's, we, 1912, have found,—those elements productive of "sweetness and light." How otherwise could the following scene have taken place without a riot call for the well-trained mob on the other side of the stage?

Scene: Stage. Time: 9.50 P. M.

Night of Dress Rehearsal, "If I Were King."

Dramatis Personæ: Shaw and Byrne.

SHAW (*stage whisper*): I am so tired.

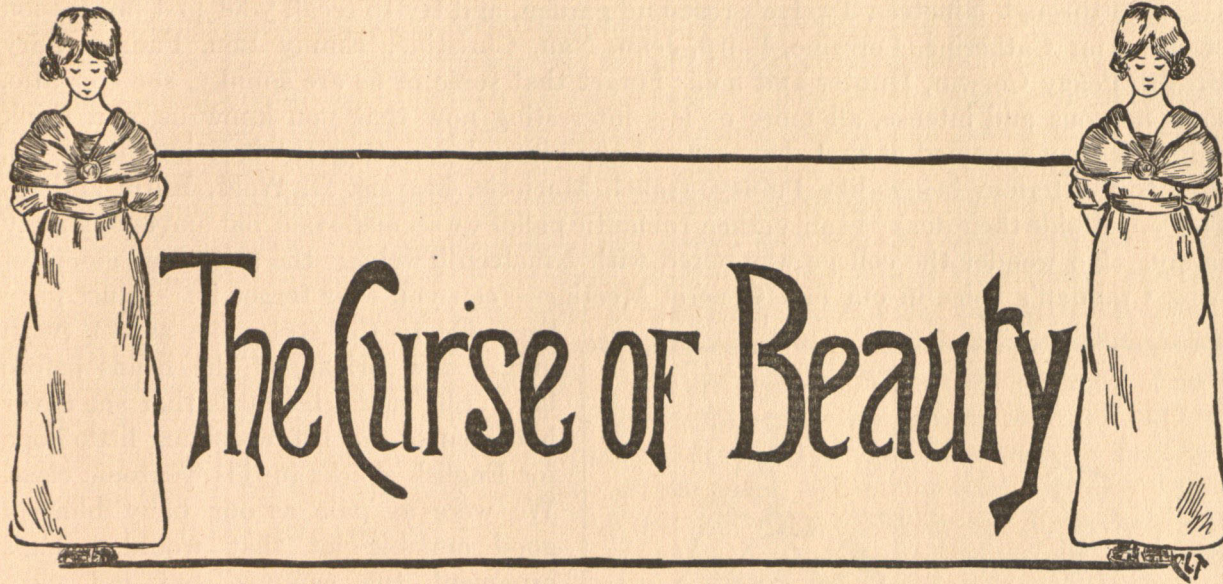
BYRNE: I am more tired than you are.

SHAW: No, you can't be.

BYRNE: I am twice as tired as you are, for I am twice as tall, so there!

Curtain.

SADIE BELIEKOWSKY.



WE who have light hair, blue eyes and a ruddy skin (this is not an advertisement for Anybody's facial cream) always expect to be misunderstood—that is, unless one of us happens really to be the sort of person we look like. For until we have repeatedly offered proof to the contrary, the world counts on our being dainty and neat, insipid and uninteresting, nice, amiable, *sweet*, free from nerves, a little vain, with a high soprano voice, not much of a soul, and an ambition to be nothing more than decorative. We are also—according to our place on the strength list and the point of view of the person speaking—called “pink-and-white,” “clean-looking,” “healthy” or “husky”; and never, no matter how hard our three-hour exam., nor how late our virgil, do we get one jot or tittle of sympathy. Besides this we have to wear black hats, forswear scarlet and yellow or else brave public opinion; and we never take a good photograph.

Run through Nineteen Twelve's rose-bud garden, and try to recall your first impression of us—Ann Catherine, Lorraine, Fairy, Jean, Nan, Christine, Emmy Lou, Fanny, Mary Brown, Peggy Corwin, Hunter and me. Forget that some of us are spunky, some erratic, some nervous and intense, all more or less interesting now that you know us, and think only of how we seemed at first, how much longer it took you to grant individuality to us, than to mysterious beings like Pinney, Isabel, Marjorie, Maysie, D. Wolff, Karin and M. Peirce. Beside their dusky beauty, their romantic pallor we seemed stale, flat and exceedingly sappy. No wonder the college was bored with Nineteen Twelve; the infectious gloom of Miss Crandall's voice in our first General Meeting—(can you ever forget it?)—must have



been due to the straw-like aspect (with only a few bricks) of the heads before her. She said afterwards that she never had seen so much tow-colour; little hope for English sharks in this Teutonic class. We were as pale as our baby blue—a good amiable lot that would perhaps ornament the campus, but not electrify it.

This is all I can think of in general. The editors seem to demand autobiography, so here goes. Plunge with me now into the depths of personal history, where I shall reveal to you the tragedy of one who tried to be a Decorative Element.

It began with Freshman Show. I had been rejoicing in my part, in the loud voice, the luxuriant whiskers, the tarpaulin jacket, the high boots of the Bell-

man, and should have thus continued if Julia hadn't come to tell me a joke. It seemed that someone in the class hearing what I was cast for had exclaimed with tears in her eyes, "Why, it's a crime to cover her up. She's so pink and white!" Now Julia thought this excessively funny, and I—well, I laughed and talked about it a great deal to show how funny I thought it was. But, truth to tell, it rankled, and when I made up Jean, Lorraine and Catherine that great night, and saw their dainty costumes, I cursed my great stature, my awkwardness, my willingness to play the goat, and although they vowed they felt like idiots, I longed to flit with them as a butterfly. Once on the stage, however, I was happy; my sturdy costume permitted me to be scene-shifter; so between acts I ran up ladders and cut down ropes right and left, lay on the floor to squint under the drops at the last act and was leaping with excitement at the end when I heard the call, "Author! Author!" from out in front. I considered my attire—grey trousers, near-grey sweater, with no shoes, and my hair in a pig-tail. I thought of hiding, but natural pride conquered vanity. I grabbed a fur coat from the dressing-room, turned up its collar and was back on the stage. People pushed us to the front, Maysie, Carmelita and me, and we stood in the college limelight for the first time. As I bowed and bowed, keeping my coat well around me, I tingled and thrilled with joy from the top of my unkempt head to my—horrors!—my toes! There they were, pushed through my stockings, plainly to be seen by a jeering gallery.

There you have my First Great Discomfiture. May I draw the curtain?

The next year brought the big May Day. People had said Mr. King had a part for me all chosen, and after the way I had read Falstaff to him (*i. e.* very well) I had high hopes of Bottom. But, of course, there was no such luck; Jean and Cynthia and Terry and I spent long spring days in the cloister moving in circles, in loops and coils, waving our arms like novices at skating, learning to embrace with ardour, to pose the fingers *a* Leonardo da Vinci, and not to wobble. Eventually I became reconciled to my part and joined the Beauty Quest. I avoided sunburn, refused to sit up late, used cold cream, pinched my fingers to make them tapering, and floated about the campus with waving arms in the hope of becoming supple. By the time May Day morning came I was ready to enjoy immensely all the attention we got—the care Mrs. Skinner took about *our* make-up while the comic characters



in the other room were being dashed off in one-two-three order; the fuss the dapper Frenchman made about frizzing my hair just so, puffing and twisting it, weaving a million little hair-pins into its tangles, and then the "Ah's!" that we passed through as we rode our float in the pageant. I vow I really felt gracious and queenly as we moved along attended by cupids and saffron-robed priestesses—yes, up to the time we began to dance. And then—well, you know how hair came down and trains got stepped on and grass-stained, how sandals waxed soft and floppy and how breathless—! *you* know! It all happened to me, and I found my goddess mood slipping, slipping from me even as my Psyche. But Family and Friends walked over with me to the Library, and they admired my costume, my coiffure, my general appearance so much that I was really beginning to believe the moment of æsthetic triumph had at last arrived. Like all fair heroines who are also modest I cast my eyes to the ground, and there, below the hem of my mantle I saw—oh, dear, I can hardly bear to write it!—that my stocking had again

played me false—had split widely, revealing in classic simplicity about two cubic inches of foot.

The rest of the afternoon, spent in borrowing safety-pins, treading them into me, losing them and borrowing more, seems like a nightmare. The one day of my life when I might have been a credit to my type, a daughter of the gods *et cetera*, I spent in solving the problem of simultaneously appearing graceful and covering one foot with the other. This is my Second and Greatest.

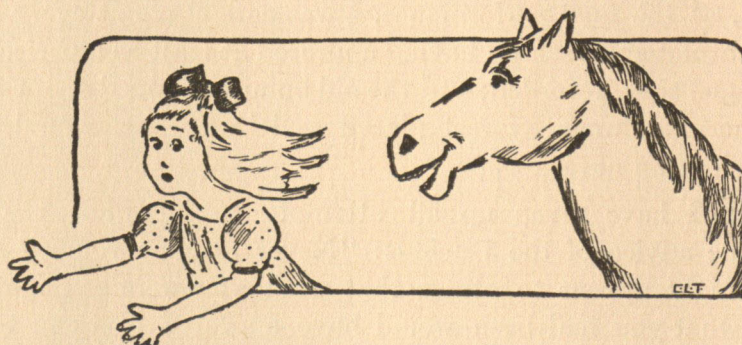
The last one of note was at Banner Show. Here again I had been lured into taking a feminine role, and, by dint of borrowing a rosy pink gown, and a fluffy hat, had made myself so unlike myself that I played a gushy part with abandonment, feeling every inch an emotional actress. This time, at the final performance, I was careful about every detail, especially foot-gear, and congratulated myself on having appeared at least as a perfect lady. But the cruel camera had come, seen, recorded; and the old pumps I slipped on for the photographic torture Saturday morning, worn by feet placed well in the foreground, give permanent testimony from which I can never escape.

Since that time I have given up all attempts to be what the world expects, and have followed the advice of the Duchess: "Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise." Degenerating step by step from noisy soldier to ruffian coster, I shall let the college remain no longer under misapprehension as to what is to be expected from this exponent of the blonde type.

Now of course the others are much better—they can play a "pretty part" very well and completely shod. But give them a chance and they burst forth as farmers, circus tumblers, picaninnies, or sporty youths, and have a much better time. Even one of them who won't ever dress up, feels the disadvantage of the type. "It is awful," she says, "to

have horses always snap at your head when you're around them, thinking it is a bale of hay." So altogether, you see, we are another lot of the Misunderstood, and we beg from you and from hungry beasts a more intelligent consideration.

HELEN D. BARBER.



“Out into the Wicked, Wicked World”

CLASSES have been famous in years past. 1909 was famous for its night-walking, hand-springing president. 1910 was famous for Kate Rotan's hop, skip and jump. 1911 was famous for its Freshman Show. But what we want answered is, “Are we famous or why not?” Even we admit that our acting, our singing, our athletics are all good. But none of them have the elusive, original touch necessary. Our athletics, indeed, nearly won for us a lonely niche in the temple of fame, but Carmelita and our hockey team this year rudely crushed our aspirations to such distinction. In most things we find ourselves middlemen—not as good as what went before but better than what comes after. But to answer our burning question, we would say “Yes!” We have one undeniable claim to Fame. At present we hold the college championship in pushing upper classes out of college.

Freshman year we were such timid, shrinking creatures that we feared even Seniors (how much more mice, centipedes, ants and such vermin). I can still remember the hours I spent leaping up and down with all my weight in Suthick's room to scare away Cousin Andronio. (Cousin Andronio was a dear pet of ours, but he came too often, as cousins often do). As for politeness, we were the acme. Many's the time Aggie and I crept trembling to bed at the fierce bidding of D. I. Smith. One day I remember patiently holding the Pembroke West door open, for fear it would slam, while Kate was talking to Cecil over the telephone. Finally Spry came to my relief, and I went on up to *study* in Suthick's room. These are mere illustrations of our true timidity which serve as contrast to our glorious boldness when we felt that we were members of the mighty class of 1912. I will not describe the incident, I will merely mention that it was a balmy Spring night, when we rose to our destiny and tried to push the other three classes out of college at once. It was our supreme effort and all that has come after is but weak imitation.

In our Sophomore year we tried other more tactful tactics, and wafted 1910 out of college on the breezy perfume of roses, gardenias, orchids, etc.

We did our best for 1911, but I am afraid we only created illusions in such breasts as Leila's. She and another 1911 person fully believed the college would go to the dogs after

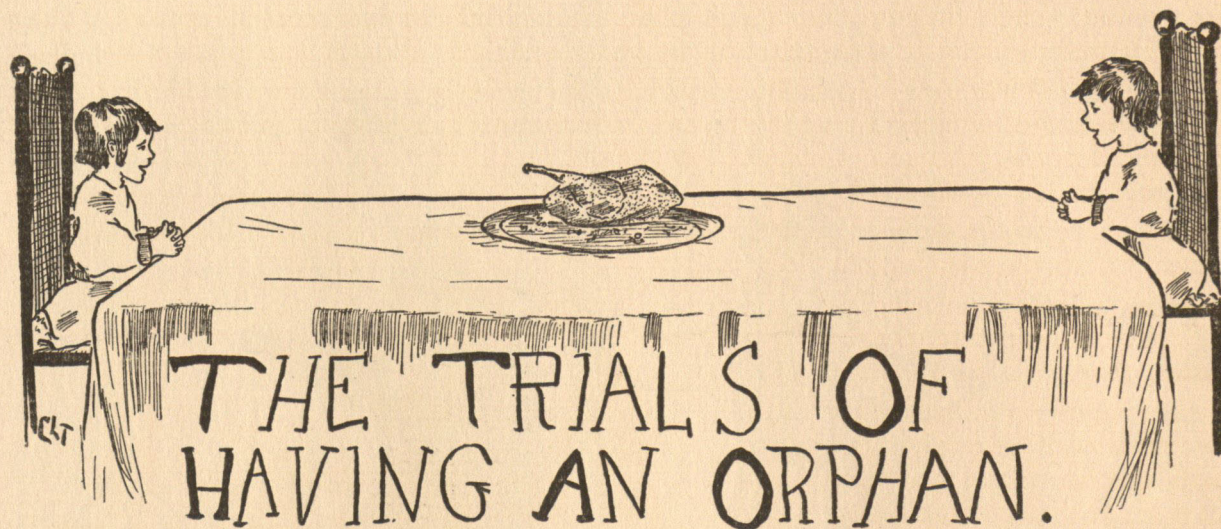
1911 left (as it will next year). That class seemed to be remarkably touchy about their singing. Everything which was not an outspoken compliment they interpreted as an insult. Pembroke West's wrath broke forth when one of Mary Gertrude's famous veiled compliments was misinterpreted to mean that she did not care to hear the Seniors sing at sunrise May 1st.

Thus we made our way through college as the pushers until there were no upper classes left to push. Then we saw the fatal flaw in our system. The other classes had been profiting by our example and were seeking fame along our special patented line. Now even the Freshmen do not regard us as traditional "grave and reverend Seniors," they merely look on us as objects for their kindly curiosity. Just after singing the "Sons of Erectheus the Olden" (or as K. Thompson has it, "the sun of Erectheus, the Old One") on the steps for the first time, Maysie met Lucile Davidson, and some other Freshmen. "Oh, what a pretty song," said they. "Won't you give it to us?" I leave Maysie's answer a blank which she can fill in (if she wants to) when she edits the book. The bitterest blow to us in Pembroke West is the loss of our most cherished possession and tradition, "1912 Fudge." We no longer follow the scent, like hounds, to the tea pantry, where we demand our due for having supplied the three-weeks-old butter. We do not have that honeyed concoction "galoola" forced upon us. Even Johnston has yielded and Eleanor Freer reigns.

All these bitter reminiscences of past glory bring one wish and one wish only to my mind. Oh, that we had not wasted our efforts in pushing 1909, 1910, and 1911 out of college, but had spent them in pushing the "lower classes" back!"

GLADYS EDGERTON.





IT was at a very early age that I first became interested in orphan asylums. I must have been taken to see an asylum or been read to upon the subject, for the idea took deep root in my mind and I thought of very little else. I arranged my dolls in rows in the nursery in card-board shoe-box beds and fed them water porridge out of my leaden doll-house dishes. But I was not satisfied. I wanted babies that would cry, wrinkling up their noses, and would rock to sleep to a nice buzz-buzz, and gurgle when you gently poked their little stomachs, and so I decided, since I couldn't have an asylum full of them, I would like just one baby, like my chum's next door. She had a baby sister and when you put out your finger, she took hold of it and held it tight and wonderful thrills ran up and down your back. So I prayed God for a baby, night after night, and when it came, and after a few more years, another one, too, I was so interested in playing house with them and helping take care of them that I almost forgot about orphans.

But when I went away to college where I had no little brother and sister to romp with

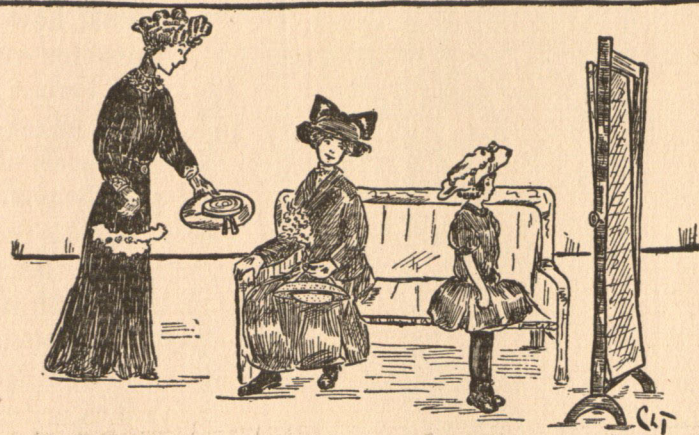
and mother, I often became lonesome for children, and thought once more of orphans. There were faculty children to play with, to be sure, but their mothers and fathers had ideas. And so it happened that I began to care for Marie. Of course she stayed in the Orphanage, but I could carry her off for a day or two and pretend I had truly adopted her, the first member of my asylum, and I did buy her clothes.

And there's where the trials began. Marie and I would find just what we wanted, we could not be better satisfied; and then it would be too expensive, that is for an orphan to have. "An orphan should not

wear anything that costs, for that would accustom her to extravagance." We try on a lovely floppy blue hat, just the colour of Marie's eyes, with darling pink rose-buds all the way around the crown. Marie's cheeks flush with delight. She looks so sweet that I kiss her on the spot and we ask the price "Five dollars, Mrs.," says the saleslady, "and cheap at that." We can't spend more than two, if

that much. It is a tragedy. But orphans know many tragedies and Marie soon smiles again.

Then came the question of food. "You will be careful what she eats," the matron always said as Marie and I bade good-bye on our way to Bryn Mawr. "I'll try to," I always replied, but my tone was dubious. And it might well be, for I knew what would happen. Marie had been taught to eat everything set before her at table and to leave nothing on her plate. Even if she did not wish a second helping, she must not have a scrap of the first remaining. That was all very well at the Orphanage where the meal consisted of one course



AN ORPHAN SHOULD NOT HAVE ANYTHING EXPENSIVE.

and that of little variety, but at college I often held my breath. Marie assumed her most industrious mood and did not speak a word. She began with the soup, her spoon rattling in the bowl as she scraped for the last drop. Then followed meat, potatoes, peas, and carrots. She took all in plentiful portions, and they disappeared until the plate looked freshly washed. Then salad, crackers, and cheese went without hesitation. And ice-cream with



"I DON'T FEEL WELL HERE."

chocolate sauce? Well, no one would stop at them and Marie ate the cream, the sauce, and almost the dish itself. If she had only eaten at meals, however, I would have had no especial cause for worry, but girls kept coming up to her and, before I was aware, would bear her off to feast on cake and candy to her heart's content. And Marie had a piggy heart, for near bed-time she always came back to me quiet and subdued. "What is the matter, Marie?" "I don't feel well here," she would answer in a tiny, quavering voice, pointing below her waistline, and lie down on the couch, a big hard pillow stuffed under her.

Another trial was the question of questions. We were accosted by them everywhere we went. To me: "Is that the orphan?" "How old is she?" "How long is she going to stay?" "Isn't she pretty?" "Do you buy all her clothes?"

"Did you buy what she has on?" "Can't you get me an orphan, too?" "Where'd you get her?" "Is she much trouble?" "How do you know what to feed her?" "Does she mind being an orphan?" To Marie: "Do you like to come to Bryn Mawr?" "Do you like the dress you have on?" "Do you know who I am?" "Don't you want to come with me and get a piece of candy?" "What's your name?" "Aren't you sweet?" "I have a little sister like you, did you know it? Marie

invariably replied, "Yes-s-s-m-m," shy and bewildered, while I lost agreeableness as a virtue.

And then there was the question of getting Marie back to the Orphanage. That was a task. One Sunday in particular I shall never forget. Coming out she had her little bundle of night things, but going back she had not only the bundle, made larger by the addition of new dresses, but a brand-new doll, a battered old wooden dog, an almost empty box of animal crackers, a story-book losing its cover, an umbrella that she had left at college the time before, a coat that was too hot to wear, and a bag of candy carefully saved to give



Does SHE MIND BEING AN ORPHAN?

away to the other children at the Orphanage. With much assistance we got safely on the train. There we turned a seat over and carefully deposited our treasures and, almost immediately, were at Overbrook and picking them up again. At Fifty-second Street I looked around and went over the list. I decided we had everything. At West Philadelphia we got out, crossed under the Elevated—the umbrella had been left behind. That was a calamity, but to Marie's mind, worse followed.

We had two blocks to go before we reached the street-car. The first we passed over

safely, but by the second, Marie's hands began to grow tired. She dropped the book. I stooped down somehow and picked it up. That made me lose my grip on the wooden dog. I held tight, but slowly it slipped down. Marie, in her turn, tried to get it for me. Her candy bag hit the pavement, split, and chocolate drops and striped peppermint balls went rolling in all directions. It was almost too much to bear not to be allowed to pick them up again. She had not eaten one herself and now nobody could eat any. The car came along and we went out in the street to board it. The last straw. It was a pay-as-you-enter-car. Bundles had to be frantically readjusted, my pocket-book unearthed from my suit coat pocket, a dime searched for and not found, finally a dollar bill handed out and change returned in nickels and dimes. I got Marie to the Orphanage at last somehow, but returned to college hoping that when I had my real Orphan Asylum it would be far from well-meaning, kind-hearted girls and pay-as-you-enter-cars.

CARMELITA CHASE.

The Intelligent Minority

CANDIDLY I have my own doubts as to the fitness of the epithet, but since it is the term generally applied to the minority, I accept it gratefully. The fact that I thus cast faint aspersions, however, does not imply that I am not fond of the minority. On the contrary, I have devoted my entire college career to its support. I do not know whether it is I who make the hope forlorn or whether it is merely that the forlorn hope attracts me irresistibly yet insensibly. However, we are inseparable, so it comes to the same thing in the end. My voice rises solitary, my hand waves alone, where a moment before rose the hum of many voices, and waved a very forest of hands. I do not speak in bitterness of spirit, however, for I have my compensations. There are few things which give one a more complete sense of superiority than to vote desperately, passionately for that which one alone out of the multitude desires—and then to lose it. It was to express this sense of exaltation that the phrase “intelligent minority” was invented, and not, as the majority supposes, to soothe our ruffled feelings. It is not that I do not love the waving of flags and the blaring of trumpets indulged in by those who champion a popular cause, or that I am unmoved by the thrills of victory; it is simply that it is not intended by fate that I shall be one of those who dance around the bonfires of a popular cause. I have at last realized that my point of view is inevitably wrong, yet I cling to it all the more fondly—as a child does to a broken toy—for that very reason. In the class-room my answers are passed by in hurried and disapproving silence. In class-meetings there are no nodding heads and half-hushed murmurs of approval for the side of the question which I present. My most plausible arguments fail to sweep my listeners from their feet, as I had fondly hoped against hope they might, and yet I do not despair. That is a characteristic of those in the minority. I even sing hopefully in a way not approved by other people. None of those who are habitually flushed with victory pay any attention to my ideas of the way a tune should go. It is only then that they cease to be kind, in a vague, uninterested way, and desire to suppress me absolutely. Yes, there is one other time when the world is rather less than kind. When it finds me differing from it in the matter of two “l’s” in a word, or in the minor

matters of a final "e" or a "y" instead of an "i," it suddenly sees comic possibilities. And yet I am not placed in this position because I am adventurous or bold or ill-natured and eager to disagree with people. It is only that I am constitutionally unable to be in the majority. No matter how glittering the possibilities are, they fade when I touch them, not so absolutely, however, that I cannot still see them, although they are lost to the sight of all but the minority.

MARJORIE L. THOMPSON

The English Club

IT began, as all great things begin, from a small thing—namely, a jealous remark of Edgie's in regard to her inability to attain the English Club of Bryn Mawr College. I hated to think of Edgie's losing any interesting feature of college life, and the brilliant inspiration flitted into my mind to found a club which only those could join who were not gifted in expressing themselves in the classical form which B. M. C. demanded, but who had other qualities of charm, amiability, a love of society, etc. Edgie's power-loving soul snatched greedily at the idea as she instantaneously perceived the prestige and influence she would wield by becoming an originator of such an important organization.

I hastily called a meeting of a few of those whom I knew the muse had stung,—Spry, Agnes Chambers, Gert Llewellyn, Terry, Edgie and myself. Needless to say, they were enthusiastic; I may say that Spry almost bordered on the vulgar in her excitement. I nominated myself as president and without much difficulty carried the nomination, as I think that everyone felt that it needed a brilliant mind to carry the club from its infancy through to a beautiful and fruitful old age. Of course, I hate to talk about myself, but I think I started the club very successfully.

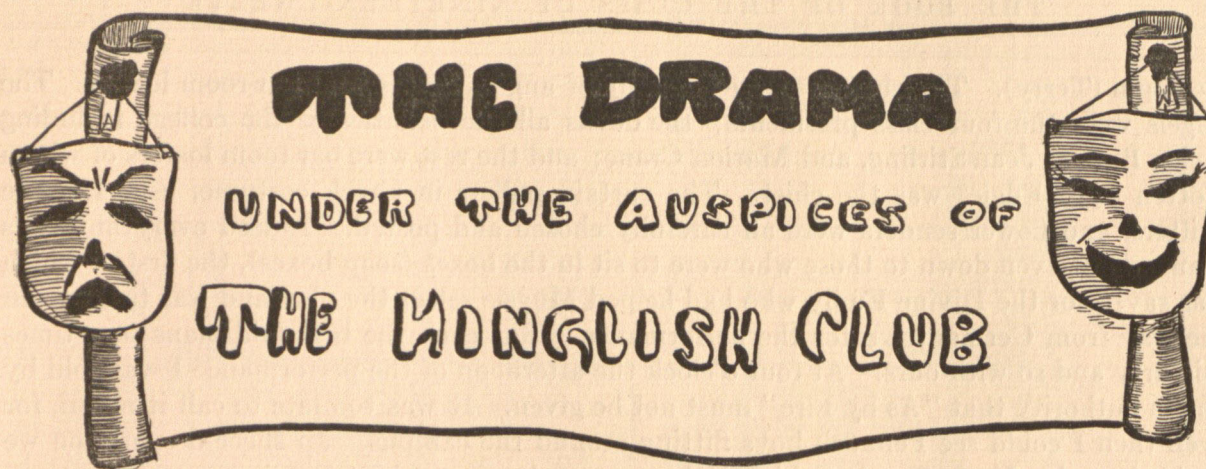
At the first meeting to which outsiders were allowed to come (after paying five cents), a great many new members were admitted after the charter members had assured themselves of their integrity, social position and a dislike to English. I read the constitution—a remarkably brilliant effort which to my notion proved a conclusive argument to my admission to the real English club—and then Spry read a paper of undying fame, "the Coise of Beauty." At the conclusion of the paper members remained to partake of a slight refreshment purchased with the money received from the admiring outsiders.

After this triumphant first meeting, applicants were so numerous and persistent that it was with great difficulty that the exclusiveness, one of the club's strongest features, was preserved. However, by a judicious examination into the various merits of the candidates, the standard of excellence has been maintained. The past two years the illustrious president

was unable to administer the affairs owing to her absence from college, but I have heard that affairs were managed most successfully by the next illustrious president, Miss Spry. I sincerely hope that the Hinglish Club will still remain as important and beneficial an influence as it was during the presence of the class of 1912.

JEAN SOUTHWICK.





ALTHOUGH the purpose of the Hinglish Club in taking up the drama was for the education of the Common Herd, it grieves me to state that unavoidable circumstances have always prevented our giving our performances as previously planned.

The first year of our dramatic career we allowed the Common Herd to try for the chorus. The trials were held in the "Most Beautiful Room in College" and lasted all evening. Of course many failed miserably, but we were delightfully surprised to find some talent among the Common Herd, among whom I may mention Catharine Delano, Carmelita Chase, and Leah Cadbury. After we had selected the chorus we chose the play "As by Fire"—a temperance play with a deep moral to it. It was well adapted for choruses and gave the principal parts great possibilities for dramatic acting. Our dear Mugsie (May May) was a hair-splitting villain assisted by two subtle accomplices, Smutty (Schmidty) and Champagne (Aggie Chambers). The family the villain sought to ruin, because he was a disappointed lover of the mother, was the Gordon family, consisting of a drunken father, Giddy (Spry); a grief stricken mother, Butter Ball (Esther Walker); a dissolute son who was fast following in his father's footsteps, Hades (Louisa); and a saintly little daughter,

Terrapin (Terry). The choruses were made up of angels, devils, and bar room loafers. The angels were the four class presidents; the devils all the beauties of the college including Helen Barber, Jean Stirling, and Marion Crane; and the rest were bar room loafers of whom Rotten Egg (Edgie) was the chief. The curtain pullers in Greek costume, ushers, scene shifters, and flower senders were all carefully chosen and posted. Indeed everything was planned out even down to those who were to sit in the boxes (soap boxes), the first of which was saved for the Divine Emily who had helped Mugsie select the play and was to come all the way from Germantown for the performance. But even the best laid plans sometimes miscarry and so with ours. At four o'clock the afternoon of the performance I was told by one in authority that "As by Fire" must not be given. It was too late to call it all off, for even then I could see Pennock boys flitting around the campus. In sheer desperation we decided to give Uncle Tom's Cabin. Of course such a last minute affair was not what our drama would have been, but there was nothing else to do. There were a few thrilling scenes in it, however, which some of us will not forget in a long time—Eliza (C. Delano) chased by gray hounds, leaping over the ice (sheets of tissue paper), and Topsy (Carmelita) shocking Aunt Ophelia (May). I may here mention that the real drama with no omissions was privately given in May's room immediately after the rather flat affair in the gymnasium.

This year our play committee was so careful in their selection that by the time the play was chosen and cast the dates were all filled. The play was to have been "Captain Joe"—by an old Bryn Mawr girl, Alice Gerstenberg. It was admirably cast, the officers taking the best parts without trying for them. In trying for the other parts, however, a great deal of dramatic ability was displayed. I may with all modesty say that the college missed a rare treat by being so busy.

In its work next year—I know the whole college will regret to hear me say this—the Hinglish Club has decided to give up its altruistic aims and to discontinue its dramatic career, as Miss Thomas so emphatically disapproves of extra plays, and instead devote all its time to writing and entertainments for itself.

GLADYS SPRY.



IT would take a book the size of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the kind that Christine got and I wanted, to do justice to my subject. I shall, however, plunge right in and skip lightly from peak to peak, allowing the less salient features to be absorbed by the background.

I. A.

(I cannot get over the habit
It seems so much clearer to tab it.)

1912 has progressed in wit, as in everything else, from the simple to the subtle. From the comparative ingenuousness of Aunt Jane's peach in Spry's bed, we have advanced to the more ingenious practical joke of springing silver cups on our unsuspecting friends. Someone may object that Spry's "See that Spot" and "Champagne" seem a bit retrogressive,

but then Pembroke with its "Poor Little Orphans," its water battles, and other table tricks is in a class by itself. As Freshmen many of us took the same delight in crawling under Radnor tables that Sara Smith now takes in putting jelly on Olga's doorknob, but Pembroke alone is still strong, young and vigorous in the play-spirit of youth.

B. Some of our classmates have, however, passed beyond the stage of apple-pie beds and "an ox and a goat." No longer content with the Practical joke as such, they have progressed to a state of symbolic and hieroglyphic mirth. It was my privilege last year to make a little commentary on the letters of one of the subtlest of our humourists. She is sometimes unable to appreciate our coarser jests. Now for a sample of hers—Horribilia Dishpania Barb at her best.

(a) Epithets applied to F. H.

"You tough old Jersey."

"We miss you fiendishly, old lemon-pip—"

"You old toad."

"You old lamb."

"You old poodle."

("You harp on my age, Sir!")—Louis XI.

"A fool osphagus named Hunt."

"You bewhiskered jam-pot."

"You poisonous reptile."

"You horrible hobgoblin."

"You pickle-toothed pastry cook."

Who can doubt at this point that our classmate will rank with W. J. Locke and O. Henry as an expert in the Epithet?

(b) Remarks about herself.

"What a rum-dum I am!"

"My beauty is a matter of color."

"You know I've always had a distinct yellow streak"

(These last two remarks are inserted for biographical rather than humorous considerations.)

"Yours effer effervescingly, Dewdrop."

"The Ecstatic Egg."

(c) Remarks about others.

"The iron-clad, non-combustible Carmelita."

"Who waters the flowers, C. C. or I? Three guesses."

"He is very kind to the invalid and offers to let me off from the Lab I missed when I was yellow."

"That old banana W. Wordsworth just makes you love him if you just *keep at it!*"

(Note again the curious felicity of epithet.)

"I must write to my steady H. P."

This is enough to show the subtlety, fragility almost, of our friend's wit. Now for press notices. The mother of the authoress remarks: "Crude, and to be laughed *at*, not *with*." My sisters say, "All letters from Bryn Mawr girls sound exactly alike. They all try so hard to be funny." I think my classmates will agree with me, however, that we all have a great future before us as humourists, and that if all the world is cold to our kindling wit, we have at least one appreciative audience—Ourselves!

FRANCES HUNTER.



ON THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL, OR THE CONFESSIONS OF A PSEUDO AESTHETE.

ONE rainy afternoon in April, Biffy sat making out her garden party list, while I was happily chuckling over 1911's CLASS BOOK. Suddenly she said, "That makes nine Reverends, two Right Reverends and one Right Reverend Dean. By the way, Lorle, I think you'd better stop reading the productions of other classes and get to work on your *Æsthetes* article." I protested against rushing into print. "I am a modest and retiring soul (how Dr. Leuba would have shuddered to hear a post-major attribute reality to such a chimera) and I've never done a single æsthetic thing—at least not in public." "You've worn clothes,"

retorted Biffy, "and that itself was enough to give you a reputation." Well, I admit my fondness for raiment that our categorical minds would scarcely put in the neat-but-not-gaudy class. I shall never forget one night in Sophomore year when Biffy, coming into my room before dinner, found me trying on a crimson dressing gown, trimmed with a sort of Dresden silk apron with fish-tail ends. I particularly admired the "jagged tail" for reasons to be explained later. Let me implore you, however, to believe that I have never wished "to be interchangeably man and fish." Well, anyhow, Biffy, having not yet adopted stern, room-mately methods, remonstrated gently, "Don't you think it's a little—a—fancy to wear to dinner on just an ordinary night? Why not save it for an occasion?"* * * I pass rapidly by a certain green silk with Duchess lace and slashed sleeves that did duty at numerous Old English Christmas revels; I even omit mention of my last green velvet (Julia Houston calls it the Russian Princess) whose comforting train enabled me to arrive three-quarters of an hour late at the President's first reception, after a bitter dash back to Radnor in search of those cards. I come directly to my greatest triumph, that black velvet cloak. One day, with the cloak slung Hamlet fashion over my shoulder, I was wandering to class tea in Rock when out from the library dashed Miss Jones with a visitor in her wake. The visitor remained discreetly at a distance, but Miss Jones's eye gleamed. I know not how—whether with the triumph of the successful antiquarian or with the pity of the sensibly dressed—and she shouted across to me, "O, my dear, did you get it from your great-grandmother?" Presently, when I was safely seated on Rock steps, butterfly cup in hand, I heard an anxious whispering behind me and turned about only to be asked by an almost timid Spy, "Will you lend it to Miss Garrett for Grad Party." I now quite believe that my reputation has thus been established.

But let me pass to another phase of Lorle's æstheticism. I believe my name is usually considered a phase, as if I had chosen it with especial æsthetic malice. After four years of practice, most of 1912 now pronounce it "trippingly on the tongue." It has proved so useful that Mr. King is considering putting it into his Graduated Exercises in order that Freshmen may be enabled to get rid of a cerebral *l* or *r*. Coming to the question of middle names, I was reminded by Maysie of a curious indication of æstheticism—the desire to conceal the middle name Ida. I don't know how successful Pauline has been, but I confess that my last

attempt at suppression was futile. When I registered with Mr. Forrester in the Fall and requested that I be set down "plain," he gravely struck out the *Ida* and handed me back the registration card without making any effort to have the correction made permanent. It was like reading proof and never sending it to the printer.

Now I really must try to connect all this general æstheticism with my splendid title, "The Sublime and the Beautiful." Perhaps I'd better take the Beautiful first. My history as an exponent of pure sensuous beauty dates, I believe, from my Freshman composition course under Miss King, when in the middle of second semester I suddenly "tumbled" to G. G. K.'s special style, gave up writing about playground children, began wearing a touch of green and started to inventory the objects of art and nature according to a catalogue of sensations. Let no one think that this was the spontaneous expression of a truly æsthetic nature. It was the last resort of a hard-driven Freshman, who didn't know what her favourite out-door occupation was and had to interest her reader somehow. The plan was instantly successful; the paper, inscribed with a large V. G., was sent by Georgiana to the *Tip* and read aloud by the board of directors amid joyful guffaws that grew more vehement as the unsuspecting author listed a series of objects:

Item. A beautiful view.

Item. A fragrant hyacinth.

Item. A velvet cushion pleasant to the touch.

Item. A pretty sound—I can't remember what.

Last item. An interesting taste,—probably that of Camembert cheese, to which M. D. Warner and I were devoted then.

The velvet cushion and the hyacinth (or its successors) are still visible in 52. My intimate friends who perceived my true nature and disapproved of the humbugging scheme, called me sometimes Liar, or in its more softened form Lordelei. This course of deception having succeeded well so far, I was enabled, in Second Year English, to write that choice classic which subsequently appeared in the *Lantern*, but whose name I can't remember. (Oh, yes, Biff says it was Metempsychosis.) That was indeed a pretty thing, written at a hectic tea with McKelvey sitting on the arm of my chair, and howling with joy at each new bit of

æstheticism. Thenceforth I pursued Beauty unceasingly, especially the more aquatic phases. In order that my Division might never be in doubt as to who had written my themes (in case they should ever be read in class) I adopted a sort of trade-mark, a dyed-in-the-selvedge emblem, namely the goldfish. My critics have occasionally pointed out a remarkable similarity of taste in fish between myself and a former editor-in-chief of *Tip*—a notorious æsthete with copper-coloured hair. To tell the truth, that girl so pursued me with requests for *Tip* copy that I had to make a vow in self-protection never to contribute, lest the college at large discover upon what precarious ground my reputation was built. I hope my readers will believe that this is the true reason for my failure to appear as a principal writer in this journal.

Just at this time I introduced the element of the sublime and throwing together a few Minor Philos notes turned out a sonnet entitled "Cosmos," consisting largely of "cosmic throb" with a certain admixture of doubt as to the reality of existence and a decided proportion of that giddiness that comes to those who are drunk with the All. When I received back this mystical effusion, Miss Donnelly had pencilled in the margin, for her own guidance in reading, several indistinctly written words. Among others the word "whole" was so treated. For practical purposes I do admit the advantage of a legible chirography, but how much more desirable for æsthetic purposes is a hieroglyphic script which lends itself readily to anagram and acrostic. Miss Donnelly apparently missed entirely my characteristic fishy touch, as may readily be seen by substituting in the following excerpt for *whole* the very similar word *whale*.

"The window-stone and all I feel as moving one with me

The whale (whole) outside of which all else is naught."

I now took a long jump into Junior year—for the chasm between Second Year English and Minor English is a deep one. But I carried over with me the very useful Cosmos. As a Minor Intellect in the back row of the Poets class, I had little opportunity to become a conspicuous æsthete except by occasional references to Baudelaire. I will here confess what I should have told Miss Donnelly if she didn't always cut me off so abruptly, that I have had about three months of French in my life and hence have, like Marjorie Thompson,

read that gentleman only in translation. By the time Shelley papers were due the Cosmos was, however, again in good throbbing order with the usual results.

I have saved for a climax—though out of the chronological order—my greatest cosmic masterpiece, that epitome of Pantheism, our class song. I myself did not intend it very seriously in Freshman days. Later I was even rather seriously ashamed of it. But I regard it now as the result of the mystic subconscious working upon my unworthy self of the Absolute Principle of the Sublime and Beautiful. No longer do I feel the sting of Roz Mason's epithet for me, "The Druid." I rejoice in my kinship with natural forces; I admire mine own choice phraseology. What could better convey an atmosphere of majesty and benignity than those simple words, "majestic, benign." I have never known anything to equal it except that Wordsworthian bit:

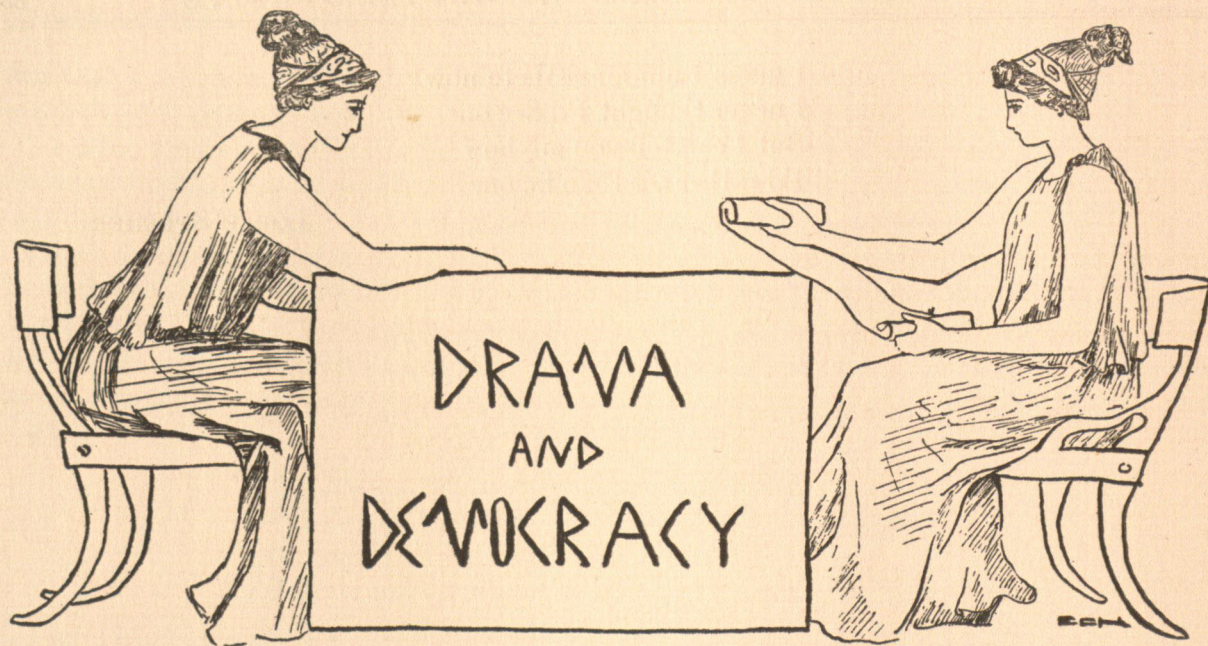
"Bryn Mawr, we worship thee as a daisy,
White-petalled, yellow-centered conventional design;
We come from East and West
All other halls suppressed——"

the rest is lost in the mutterings of the priestess. I feel myself incapable of further comment.

Now in the old age of my student life I regret to state that I have not justified Miss Donnelly's expectations of her "coming student." I have not even come into my own in Anglo-Saxon. Of course no one ever expected me to do well in the sterner sciences. In fact I strongly suspect my friends of taking me out to play on the day before quizzes in order that I might uphold my purely æsthetic reputation by getting 3 or less in such tests. But Anglo-Saxon *is* more or less remotely connected with English. I sometimes have momentary doubts of my æstheticism and turn my attention to larger humanitarian and socialistic interests, though not for long. My ego soon returns unto itself again, soothed by the fact that a Freshman whom I have known well for six months, seeing me pouring at English club tea, learned only upon inquiry that I was not a *bona fide* hostess. My long endeavour has been crowned with some success, but its fruits are not altogether sweet because forced in the hot-house of deception. I say with regret:

I guess I am an æsthete now
I never thought I'd flee one
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.

LORLE STECHER.



There's nothing like democracy.

1912 found itself, looked at itself, then confided to itself, "You know, there's nothing like it!" So we're a democracy and we *feel very strongly* about it.

On the strength of this feeling, Mary Peirce appointed a well-assorted casting-committee for Junior-Senior Supper Play. Surely every Junior had a friend or at least an inspiration in one of that various group decorating the window-seat in "52," rivalled only by the domesticated lilies-of-the-valley on the several taborets. (Emerson Lamb denies this encouraging supposition. She prefers orals to casting committee. Such is a "white, academic lamb" eligible for Phi Beta Kappa!) There was Julia, "mighty and everlasting, majestic, benign," radiating that indefinable encouragement "just like home." Julia sat in the middle. At

one end was Jean, a sight to cheer the dim eyes of a doubtful comedian or offer an assurance of discriminating judgment to the sophisticated tragedian. At the other end was Pinney, and Pinney is a comfortable soul. Perhaps something dangerous lurks behind her cosmopolitan kindness; but she came too seldom to committee meetings for my childish perception to see it. I only wished in my affectionate little way that Pinney would come oftener, and rejoiced in the same way that Fanny was so regular. Fanny was just then beginning to talk, but her progress was rapid, so rapid that after our first Senior Reception, President Thomas alluded in glowing terms to the "simple, direct eloquence of the Virginian." Between the ends and the middle of the window-seat—it was a hard window-seat—sat Lorle and I, the triumph of democracy! "Why were we *both* chosen?" we asked each other nightly, after my Philistine Episcopalian ritual and Lorle's daily Cosmic Throb. Others realized that we had been selected and compiled in order for the committee to have free use of our room. But so strong is the individualistic tendency of those who ornament the borders of English Club teas, that we trusted one of us might have been a chosen vessel, though the other was a feature of democratic policy. Which was sensitive, making it necessary for her feelings to be considered? She was the goat, the complementary after-thought. The world has not yet revealed her. But secure in the pleasure of the moment, I devoted myself to the helping on and off of the white polo coat and thus became an indispensable member of the committee. White polo coat is symbolic, my indispensability is realistic, for I am again on the casting committee, and worried as to proving my efficiency, for the polo coat is out of season.

Day after day, night after night, we stayed on that window-seat, save for occasional marching tactics labelled "playing up," calculated to give the dramatic candidate a sense of stage-presence. Julia "did" Napoleon till her eyebrows refused to work. Then Fanny or I "did" lines; (Pinney had left us by now); once Lorle and once Jean, for we soon found that Jean was the "only lady" on the committee and Lorle's criticisms were too valuable to be sacrificed to peripatetics. Lorle owes this reputation to Maysie. Once when we were all trying to put our mental finger (M. B. Alden has, of course, the only real mental finger) on the *je ne sais quoi* of Maysie's subtlest speech, Lorle suddenly murmured with a piscatory wiggle: "Isn't she rather querulous?"

"Querulous!" cried Julia. "My dear, you have a head like a tack. If you say another word, I shall burst into tears!" Of course we were all silent. Lorle's impression was the more real and Maysie made the part with the added distinction of having the only original label in the committee records.

Between trials, we were interrupted by "52 the many" who came to bear away cups, tea, lemon, sugar and all other tea and china. We know only that "52" teas were no longer in "52" and that the food was, by hearsay, more exciting than usual. We lived by art and æsthetics, munching Boston fern for tea, and choking down lily-of-the-valley leaves with our tears for dinner.

"Tears!" you exclaim. Do you question it, gentle reader? Imagine, if you can, our feelings when Jean and Julia would try the Lady and Napoleon dialogue as follows:

JEAN—"Because it cômpromises the d'rector Bãrrassss—!

JULIA—(*Diagonally forward lunge, eyebrows downward raise, together spring!*) "Bãrr-
ráw! Bãrráw! Take—care—Madame, the director Bãrrah is my attached" (*eyebrows down-
ward, head upward raise*) "personal" (*reverse the brow-bend and head forward and backward
spring*) "friend!" (*Three steps to the right, quarter wheel by evasion.*)

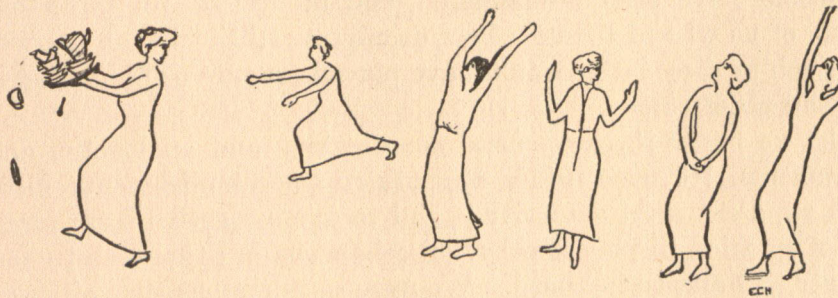
This from the best of us! Far be it from me to berate my class. But there came moments to the most generous of us when all the players seemed to be low comedy: all, that is, except Zelda; never did she descend to this. Several nights the committee was reduced to singing "Emmeline" to cheer its spirit, the spirit of a democracy, for the singing was co-operative. One awful night when a momentous decision was pending, as we stared with glazed eyes into space, that space was suddenly filled by the cheering figure of Mary Pierce. All of us tried to fall on her neck, but Mary is no giraffe; she had to take the will for the deed. With Ipso as well as Facto we rose to heights of hope and sat down on the window-seat. Mary coiled herself gracefully half out of the window; but her presence was felt (see James). Alas, however, 'twas only a feeling, a mere Ipso, for M. P. is discreet. Vainly did we quote

"The eldest oyster winked his eye
And never a word he said"—

for the lines had the fatal effect of suggestion. M. P. would not give destructive criticism. She is a democrat and a diplomat. She did, however, carry the fainting committee home.

At last the plays were cast, the committee receiving, on the whole, very kind treatment from its victims. The polo coat had been thrice cleaned, the lilies-of-the-valley were long since a "sweet memory," but despite these hardships the committee rallied to one last democratic effort for the class. It registered its appreciation of 1912's feeling for varied assortments, by distributing among its own little number the leading parts—nothing if not thoughtful; and "with malice toward none, with charity for all," left the window-seat for the Dank Cell in the Lib, far from the jibes of 1911 and secure in the righteous consciousness of 1912 democracy.

ANNA CONSTANCE HEFFERN.





ATHLETICS

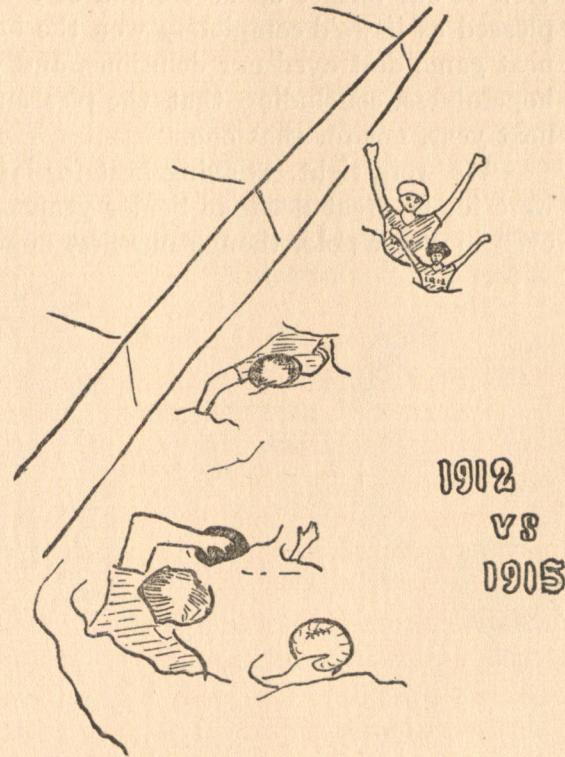


WE believe that though there may have been reason to doubt the athletic aptitude of the class of 1912, still there has never been cause to question the earnestness of 1912's athletic endeavours, the sincerity with which each member of the class desired that 1912 might excel in physical prowess and skill. Perhaps we did not all equally exert ourselves to insure this excellence of our class,—a reasonable self-control we find this, however, serving to maintain a seemly moderation even in our extra-academic enthusiasms, for it would have been ill-mannered, and ill-advised, to “athleticize” in excess. Or perhaps some of us wished to show how deeply we still feel that the woman's place is in the home? Such as these latter would have played croquet or ping-pong heartily, gentle reader, if we'd had those games.

But here let us pause in our general commentary and apologetic, and honouring a Bryn Mawr tradition, let us consider our athletic accomplishments historically. Our earnestness was apparent most extensively, and took most active form in Freshman year. Practically *all* of us tried to play hockey, miscellaneous in fitness, costume and capacity, but all alike eager and all playing hard. We were so numerous that often each could play only one half or even only part of a half of a game, for only thus could every aspirant have her turn. This was in October, 1908. But the congestion in the traffic did not last long, for in November some of us moved on to exert ourselves elsewhere henceforth, since even in hockey that law holds good which reads “though many are called, few are chosen.” The teams had been selected—particularly the favoured first team—after much disputa-

tion and many disappointments, and the superfluities discreetly withdrew. Carmelita was made manager of that first team, though in the face of a maturer judgment, for is it not well known that a member of the class of 1910 once said exclusively of Jean Stirling: "Isn't she fine! She'll make the varsity surely?" But we justified our temerity of choice, and under the good leadership of Carmelita worked bravely and with determination, not demurring against Miss Applebee's gruff encouragements or her kindly discouragements, but each day running a little harder than our hardest, and with characteristic hopefulness believing that 1912 must surely win. We lost, of course, just as characteristically as we had previously hoped. We practised solemnly, untiringly for the gymnasium contest, for track, basket-ball and tennis, but we consistently lost them all, smiled, and began promptly to hope for better fortune next year. (And just here the author would like to suggest that perhaps the class of 1912 may have to thank their athletic inefficiency for their choral proficiency. Certainly the many songs at dinner necessitated by the many defeats on the field kept us in good vocal training.)

But, to continue, Sophomore year brought us no better luck. Hockey season came—and *went* for us after one match game, when under cover of the gracious darkness of a late afternoon in November we silently took down our banner from the gymnasium and marched home. Gymnasium contest—our last one—came too, and *went*, as Miss Applebee announced to a tense line of red figures dressing right, and of



blue ones dressing left, that 1913 had won. Perhaps in our hearts we knew that they had won, yet we couldn't quite believe it when we were told that we'd lost our last chance to have 1912 inscribed upon the shield. We refrain from further mention of the athletic history of Sophomore year. Our radical events that year were distinctly May Day and our Presidential tent, not athletic victories.

Junior Year gave promise of better things to come. In hockey we drew 1913, and, very unconventionally, tied them in the first game—a tremendous event, understand, in view of our former unsuccess and of the fact that 1913 was no mean rival. We were as pleased as if we'd completely won the hockey finals; thought we had, in truth. But the next game destroyed our delusions, and we settled back into our habitual state of hungry hopefulness, concluding that the pleasant augury of one match game won augured for the next year, not for that one.

We were right. Saving best for last, we took our victories for dessert, and did what were for us great deeds in Senior year. We were in the finals in basket-ball, tennis, and even in water polo, though our first opponent was 1915 with its team of Titans—Mudge,

Bailey, Brownell, Dessau, Goodhue and Harrington. But these things are as nothing compared with two greater things—success in hockey and track. To the intense pleasure of the class of 1912 we did win the hockey cup at last. It was the ages-old story of the hare and the tortoise; we were very slow in getting there, but were steady in our progress and after a long season of earnest preparation, we passed well. In four straight games of hockey we beat 1914 and 1913; and 1912, deservedly if inordinately happy, must be forgiven for sending a telegram collect to Leila to say that even classes had won. In athletic methodology as



well as in general methodology "from the simple to the subtle we'd progressed," with most gratifying results. Instead of our former habit of hoping, believing confidently that we would win, as we went into each game we distrusted ourselves mightily, therefore exerted ourselves to the utmost and so won by fighting every inch of the way, up, down, and across the hockey field. It was a proud moment when Carmelita presented herself with the cup on the Senior steps.

Our other late but signal reward for our patient persistence in athletics was that in the first out-door track meet the laurels fell to 1912. Or should we be fairer in saying that they fell to Fanny with her brave record of four world's records broken? 1912 would have competed but lamely without Fanny's support.

And, now, having conscientiously recounted a brief history of the athletics of our class, in closing we would thank the earnestness of all that were called, and the activity of the few who were chosen, in the name of 1912, for the fruit of their labour. Tasting the flavour of success on our tongue, we feel that this little story of their labour ends as happily as all fairy stories always end when we read "and so they married and lived happily ever after."

CHRISTINE P. HAMMER.

History Club

GREETINGS, classmates, I think I will begin this by a postscript. Do you remember that I had another article in this blessed book, entitled "Good-bye, 1912!"? Well, in it I warned ourselves that we'd never succeed in seeing the last of each other. I meant it. I shouted it from the housetops in heavy type and then spread my hands over you in inky benediction. "Well, thank heaven," I sighed, as Maysie's address went on the outside and I sank to rest, "*that's* over at last—the Class Book is buried."

I went to sleep. The Class Book turned over and winked one eye. Three weeks passed. The Class Book sat up—"Not so fast," it yawned. "Hi, there, you Maysie! What about the 'Turner Verein?'" Maysie tore her beautiful hair; a tear fell upon my finished proof. "Ah," says she, "Here must be somebody who writes quickly (pipe the constructions!); besides, punctuality should be its own reward." And she sent me the following telegram:

DEAR FRIEND:

You love 1912. I love 1912. It needs us both. But just now it needs you most. You can stand cold history and I can't. Go out in the garden with your fountain-pen and eat w—, I mean the herb of reflection.

Yours, by return mail,

M. A. M., *Redactor*.

So here we are again, 1912. Only this time when I've kissed you firmly on both cheeks, *please*, as you are a lady, stay kissed and go away.

Now what about the History Club? When one goes to pick out its salient features, one finds they're all salient. (Ah, 1912, when will you learn to be commonplace?) So perhaps a better way would be to pick out some one "Leit-motif" and follow that through—from the cradle to maturity. Upon reflection, I think it will have to be our Penchant for Partizanship again—that is, our good old 1912 never-die Esprit de Corps that must never, never be spelt Esprit d'Accord—See, you orallers? Likewise our Craze for Characterization—it's all the same thing.

Well, so far as I can remember, it all began with the Hyena Club, 1911. They had conceived an inveterate antipathy for Costs of Production, so of course we said we loved them, right down to the Ground-rent, and up to the Margin.

Only—only—we didn't *quite* understand them, and mightn't we form a little sociable coterie to investigate further?

No sooner said than done. Miss Parris communicated the glad news to Dr. Williamson; he passed it on to Mr. Haworth; and in course of time it percolated thence to Mr. Turner. *Then* things began to hum! In two hours, telegrams summoned the four members of the departments from their adjoining offices to a Conference Committee Meeting; in four, special deliveries called the élite of the student body to a Preliminary "Reillery" Consultation; and in six, the Club was formed—Yes, friends, then and there, on those historic "Reillery" steps.

Never shall I forget the scene. Steeped in moonlight it was, with one bright shaft streaming out through the open door. All around, picturesque maidens in clubbish attitudes. Near the door on one side, Miss Parris; on the other, M. Alden with the Constitution.

Heavy silence. A lingering aroma of coffee and Reillery cake. Suspense. Suddenly a sound—enter into the shaft of light Mr. Turner, one-two-three, click, and bow in its exact mathematical center; then, assuming an easy attitude, "Madam Chairman, Miss Parris, ladies and gentlemen" (a long look toward Mr. Haworth's block of shade). "This Club, I take it, is to represent the more—ah—gracious side of college life"—and the fight was on! But, as our song goes on to say "the Junior team was out for glory!" In short, "we done it." Ah, Mr. Turner, did you ever think so many pretty girls (pardon the quotation) could be so obdurate?—no, adamant, I think was the word. Gilt-edged invitation-cards? No-o-o! Much rich food?—Hardly! In short, a large and opulent membership for the entertainment of the *crème de la crème* of Main Line society?—"H'raus mit!" And so the whole Turneresque vision tumbled; and from its ashes (note the facile shift of metaphor—) rose radiant 1912's dear old *chiaroscuro* of a Fechts-Verein—"Where you're as good a man as me, and I'm a better man than you." Yes, what we wanted was an Association for the Expression of Opinion: and we started right in voicing it that night.

In fact, do you know, come to think of it, I don't believe we've ever been quite so successfully vociferous since. Think of the wonderful character-analysis we consummated in that one evening! Why, no amount of Social Intercourse with the faculty could have achieved as much. The hum of neighborly conversation on that terrace was positively electric.

Now let us draw the curtain over the summer and take a casual glimpse again along about November, when the Club is in full swing and we are having an informal session. *Scene*: Pem. East drawing-room. *Dramatic personæ*: M. Alden and her reversible coat, Miss Parris, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Hudson (rampant), Dr. Smith (couchant); at intervals, the hell-hound. *Supers* (fictitious): The rest of the Club—except perhaps Julia and Aggie, who, holding semi-official positions, feel responsible, and refuse to be submerged. *Supers* (real): 7 grads; the gavel and the maid with the East coffee, who stumbles.

Casus Belli: International Arbitration—great cats! *Argument*: (a) Mr. Hudson: "There is no such thing." (b) Miss Parris: "*Why not?* Think of Böhm Bawerk!" (c) M. B. A.: "*Why not NOT?* Think of the 'rocker'!" (d) Mr. Cleveland: "You bet! Think of Democracy." (e) Julia (brightly): "Yes, indeed, that's what we always do in Indianapolis. Don't you think so, Miss Parris?" (f) Aggie (brows wrinkled): "But, Mr. Cleveland, now, you know Section VI, 9 here, of the International Law says—I mean—it says—in cases not affecting the national honor'. . ." (g) Mr. Hudson (snapping up the bait): "From the beginning of time, when a big nation wants to demolish a little nation, there can be no national honor!!" (h) Dr. Smith (diagonally from the corner): "But, d'you know, I always rather liked the little fellows!"—The Club:

"(a)-(b)-(c)-(d)-(e)-(f)-(g)-(h)——(b)! (c)! (h)! (e)! (d)! (f)! (h)! (d)! (e)! (e)! (h)! (h)! (h)!"

(Curtain).

This, you see, was the Club in its working jeans. Now, have a look at it in décolleté.

Scene 1: Preliminary Survey. 'Tis the night before February 22d, and all through the house not a creature is stirring save M. B. A. and fourteen friends. They are talking. In

fact, they are crying aloud. For (9:45) the Deanery has issued a ukase that Eating is a Social Engagement; ergo Washington or no Washington, the Club may not invite faculty to dinner. Difficulty: the Club has already invited 43 of them (the very nicest only) and 89 of the rest of the College, to help fill up Pembroke dining-room.—Agony. 10:15 P. M.: Reform Ukase: Eating from your Lap en Masse (commonly known as Buffet Supper) is a Social Engagement; Eating from the Pembroke Tables is, for this once, Unsociable.—Chastened jubilation.

Curtain.

Scene 2: The Unsociable Social. Candle-light, long tables ranged like spaghetti, with outcroppings of red-white-and-blue. Shirt-fronts. Décolleté. Roast beef—mashed potatoes (with a premonition of pale cheese, lettuce and saltines due in 5 minutes). The hum of conversation.

Dr. Leuba (seated at the head of a particularly select spaghettus and regarding his plate with irony): “Did you ever reflect, Miss Donnelly, how they kill these poor beasts? No? It is most interesting. I have visited the stockyards for three days, in Switzerland in the heat of summer, to observe. You should go over from Brooklyn some day; or near Oxford, I know they have model ones. The point of interest is the kinæsthetic sensations—No, no, Miss Donnelly! Your subjective ego has nothing to do with it, that is purely affective; we want the sensations of the ox. Well, first one attendant advances with a great hammer and strikes him in the face; there is considerable contusion and he falls down and groans. Then a second quickly cuts his jugular vein (this is preparatory to removing the hide), while a third with a huge prong waits until his eyes begin to glaze, and then . . .”

Christine (coming to the rescue): “Oh ‘prong,’ dilemma, that reminds me, Dr. Leuba, what do you think of the Religious Consciousness of the Day? You know Rosalie and Mr. Ferree both say it is so largely a matter of vision. . . .”

Kath. Thompson: “Dr. Laguna, *did* you hear what President Thomas said in chapel yesterday about Philosophy!!”

Fairy (at another leading spaghettus): "Tennis is fine, thank you, Dr. Barnes,—but I do feel pretty silly with face and hair pink at the same time!"

Barb (opposite, to Miss Parris at her right): "Speaking of silly, I do think engaged couples are the funniest, bless their baby hearts. . . ."

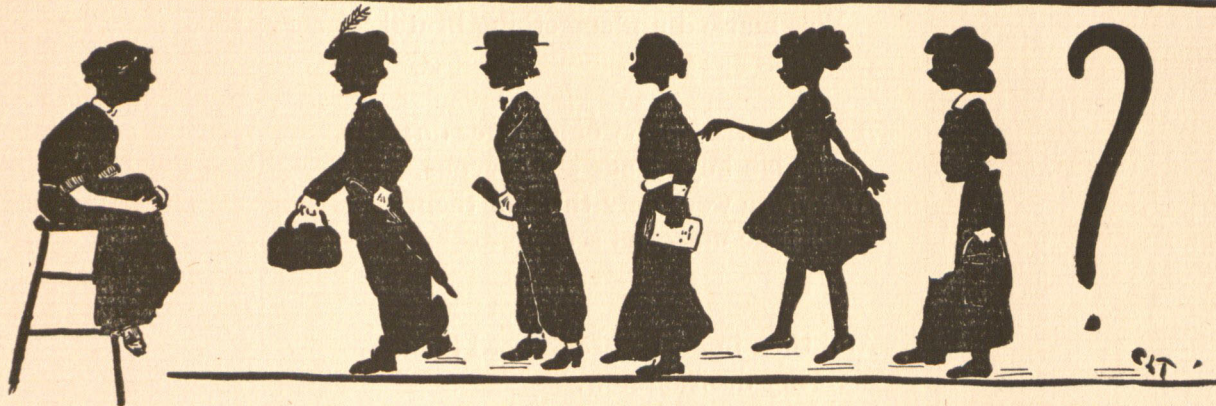
(Incipient notes of "The Star Spangled Banner," with Mac, Nan, Peggy Peck and myself in the lead—adjournment to the stairs—opening bars of "Mary Jeffers"—*Curtain.*)

So ended our little Verein's social whirl. But in case you ever feel that that was our high-water mark of opinionimus and categorization, just turn to M. Alden's account of the Convention (I trust she didn't load *that* off onto any poor, meek obliging soul!) and see what 1912 can do in the Public Eye—I should say it blackened it most effectually. And please remember that our Club *was* the Convention.—Talk about your Club Law! Why, every blessed plank in that platform was aimed at the devoted head of some head of the Departments—or rather at some apple of their Constitutional eye. The Gym floor for days was just strewn, "membra disjecta," with dead hobby-horses.

Pardon, M. B. A., if I'm trespassing on your ground. I'll retreat in good order. But before I dip my colors, let me give Us just one more parting word of advice.—Oh, Alumnæ 1912, History Club 1912, don't ever forget what you're the product of! Don't be civilized! Don't be afraid to give tongue! Don't die of Ossificatio Alumniensis! Remember the Law of the Pack: "Cave Clubbam: aut Vox aut Nihil!" And if ever you come back and feel tempted to scorn some beautiful, free-for-all, undergraduate wrangle, just remember that we too were once Senior Wranglers, that you too have been in Arcady; and that once you too, oh most sociable individualist, would have paraphrased "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea" as "the bellowing bulls meander o'er the mead." You did bellow, and you wouldn't herd for a cent, and you surely were a good little crowd. Now, dears, as aforesaid, do stay kissed and run away—and play like everything.

DOROTHY S. WOLFF.

Vocations



I

"What shall I be?" the Senior said,
As mournfully she sat.
"The only job at which I'm skilled"
Is 'going on a bat.'

II

I hoped to be a doctor once;
Bi-lab cured me of that.
The rabbit and the pigeon knocked
Me absolutely flat.

III

A lawyer too, I'd visions of,
But now, I feel it's futile.
My 'argument' in English comp
Was marked up 'something brutal.'

IV

A teacher? No, 'twould never do;
The lab boys made me nervous,
And there were only three of them—
I'll take up social service.

V

And then in haste I sent word home
Of my decision new.
My father telegraphed me back:
'In years you are too few!'

VI

Perhaps a farmer I could be;
No,—obstacles arise:
A high rate of insanity
Infests their lonely lives.

VII

I might, of course, go on the stage,
Though I fear I'd not be taking.
I don't dare even try for parts
When Julia notes is making.

VIII

I see no life of fame ahead,
I see no married station;
And I don't want *just* to live at home,
With 'no paid occupation.'

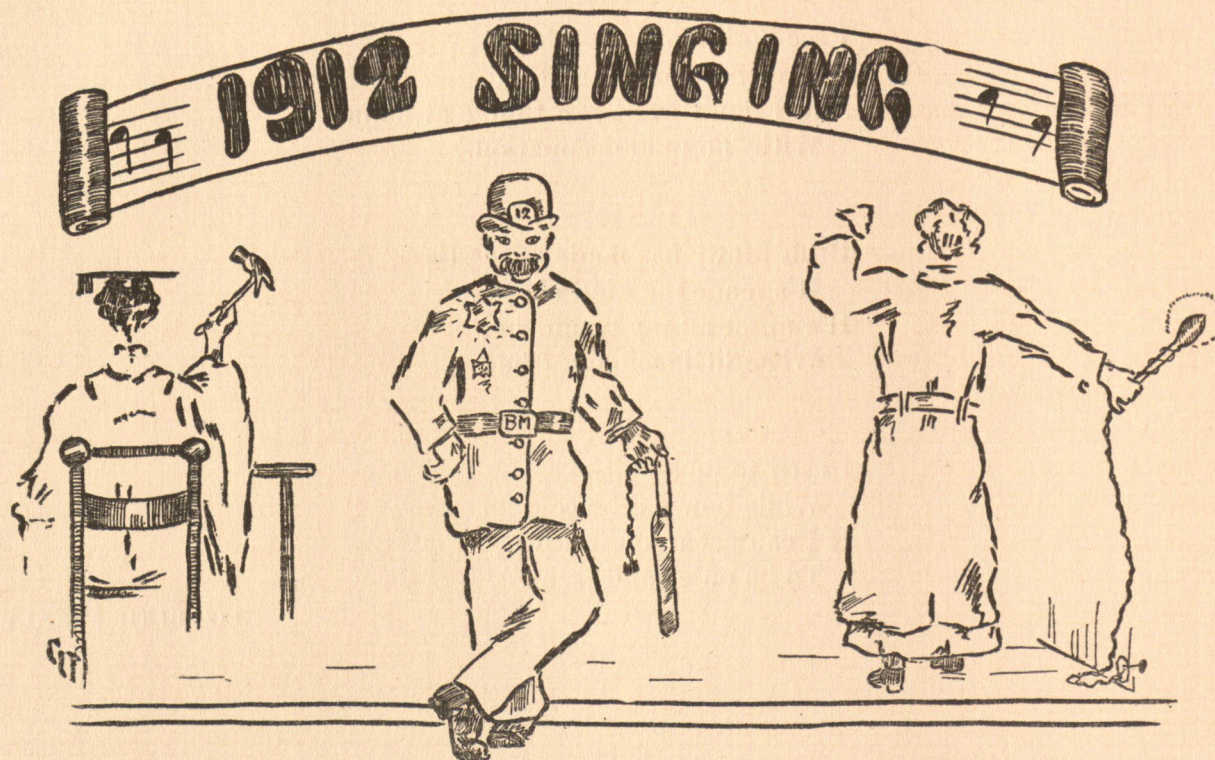
IX

Bryn Mawr has made me restless,
It's made me kind o' mad;
It's upset all my confidence
When little enough I had.

X

I used to be ambitious,
While now I'll be content
If I can get a job in town,
To be on errands sent."

ELIZABETH PINNEY.



I PROPOSE that we have class meetings for the purpose of *singing*; not, as we have done in the past, merely to practice, but also to sing. In future years, when our enthusiasm over interclass hockey games has worn off, when we can no longer show 1913, in song, how much we enjoy their play, or tell 1914 how much we love them because they are blue—in short, when we are old alums come back to reunite, *then* we can sit back and carol, for the sheer joy of it, with no ulterior motive at all. At our twenty-fifth reunion we ought to be

able to give a choral jubilee for the benefit of the cathedral, or any other little building for which the College might happen to be raising money at the time.

Of course there are objections to this plan—the mutes, for instance. (Did I understand Miss Haines to say that we had no mutes in our midst? Did I understand you, Miss Haines? At any rate, I thought we had several mutes and I have written my speech with this assumption, and so I will read it as it was written because I cannot extemporise.) Well, the mutes are not so hopeless as they might seem at first hearing. Monty says there is no reason at all why Marjorie Thompson and Isabel Vincent, for instance, shouldn't sing like larks. All they need is to understand some of the "principles" of Mr. King—(isn't that so like Monty?) and get their vocal cords trained to obey their ears—or else it's the other way around. I forget. Monty once bet me five pounds of candy that she could train Marjorie Thompson to sing any tune I might mention, inside of two weeks. She was to take Marjorie into one of the music-rooms and train her ears for half an hour every day. I was very much interested in the result of this experiment, and also afraid I might get the candy. Unfortunately Marjorie was too much absorbed in *LeseBuch* at the time to be dragged away to practice, so we never knew what would have happened—but I have heard her sing a part of "Thou Gracious" on the key, so there is hope—maybe. We'll turn the mutes over to Monty and that will settle them.

Then there is another objection—our tendency to scrap. We never could give a really successful performance if we scrapped all the time. In the first place, if our production continues as prolific as it has been in the past, we shall have to limit our exuberant genius by appointing a chooser, to select the master-pieces. For the sake of order, too, Mary Peirce should be provided with a hammer and a table—(the kind that echoes, but will not break) and Julia will have a baton that can be seen even by those who insist upon looking out of the window. We shall have to have a policeman to suppress Polly when she gets obstreperous—this will be such an awful job that I dare not suggest anyone. We can vote on it later. Then we'll have to have some sort of official to bring Christine and the other delinquents to class meetings. I humbly suggest that Carmelita might be good in this capacity,

or Mary McKelvey, and I think Scrib ought to go along to try soft blandishments and cunning wiles when strength fails.

But of course, what we lack most in our singing at present is *soul*—as anyone could see who looked in upon one of our song practices and found poor Julia frantically pawing the air with half the class gazing dreamily out of the window, the mutes looking at their feet and other people's in stolid silence, Fanny and Carmelita and Fairy and Winnie having a little athletic meeting in a corner, the tenors screaming at each other (so as to keep on the key) and screaming so loud that they can't hear anything at all, and Scrib and Gert in hysterics over a little *private* joke that nobody else understands at all. Well, *soul* is something that we will get, perhaps, out in the wide world—I hope so—and then we will need only a few of these merely external precautions to make the singing of the class of 1912 perfect.

CARLOTTA WELLES.

Through a Glass Darkly

(FELLOWSHIP DINNER)

ELSEWHERE in this book you may read about the *beginnings* of a masterpiece. It is my duty and privilege to tell you of the *fate* of a masterpiece, to express my "burning conviction" of the ultimate futility of things.

I was delegated to write an article on Fellowship Dinner. Ponder on that phrase, dear reader,—Fellowship Dinner. With the true feeling of fellowship I approached my subject; with a sympathy, distinct from any animal faculty for imitation, I thought to enter fully into the point of view of one of my neighbours, and to express that point of view.

"And who is my neighbour?" you ask, O student faithless and facile of me, a Daughter of the Cloth?! I feel sure that you have heard at least six sermons and eight months of Sunday-school on that question, so I will refrain from stating my neighbour's name. I will merely reiterate the fact that I tried to describe Fellowship Dinner from another's—and hence an unselfish—point of view. Moreover, I endeavoured, at your behest, to be humorous about the vital subject. This was a task that demanded at least a Hunter, for sentiment is too sacred to me to be vitiated by a dribble of humor. But I did my best, even though it be a bromidic thing to do.

I analysed Miss Thomas's charm and Miss Garrett's winsomeness; I showed a keen appreciation of Doctors Barton and Warren; I viewed Mr. King with connotation; I catalogued the sensations of Yarrow; I gave a personal touch to the married faculty; and individualized many Low Buildings types. I discussed municipal problems; I alluded to the cultivation of subjectivity; I mentioned literary classics and current periodicals; I adapted quotations. Furthermore, the entire composition was characterized by a marked eclectic idealism that might pass equally well for an idealistic eclecticism. Such was my masterpiece—conceived in sympathy, in the spirit of fellowship and in a legible calligraphy.

This monument of self-expression—pause, gentle reader!—was pronounced "scurilous!" "And O, the difference to me."

On such dramatic occasions, M. L. Thompson testified that "strong men sob." That may be true. I don't know. I am not a strong man. I *do* know more than ever before the real meaning of "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and hereby join the ranks of Wordsworths and evicted alumnæ, asking only for "A safe lodging and a quiet rest, and peace at the last."

ANNA CONSTANCE HEFFERN.



I'D-RATHER-BE-ON
THE-OUTSIDE-LOOKIN' IN
THAN-ON-THE
INSIDE-LOOKIN' OUT.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE—Owing to the recent great demand for Hibernian literature, I venture to put forth this little piece, which is for the most part an Irish drama, but—unlike the work of my fellow-dramatists, Mr. Synge, Mr. Yeats, etc.,—founded not on Irish myths, but on legends and tales from the French and German.]

SCENE:—*The Chapel. Midnight of the Saturday in December. All is in semi-darkness, while two figures are seen steadily sweeping, the objects of their sweeps being apple-cores, crumblers, nuts, fig newtons, and various other sundry delectable dainties.*

SHE (*Bearing and manner, not to mention accent, bespeak the Irish*)—"Humph! And ain't it nice of me to be helpin' yez. You ain't never helped me with the gym aither! What's been goin' on here anyhow?"

HE (*Ever dignified and owl-eyed*)—"The young ladies have been having a party,—the Senior young ladies."

SHE—"Oh that's the class where Miss Haines does, ain't it? Sure and it's glad I am to be helpin' them. They give the beautifulest plays, that class. Ever seen one?"

HE—"No. We gentlemen of the faculty are not invited."

SHE—"Ain't that too bad now! But say, what kind of a party was it to-day? Ain't it a shame them sweet young girls don't be going out for a walk these lovely rainy Saturdays instead of givin' parties in here."

HE—"Yes, they locked themselves in and no one was permitted to enter. Except Miss Jeffers! She seems to be quite a favorite with the Seniors, they are with her all the time."

SHE—"Humph! Who else came? And what did them girls wear?"

HE—"It was very peculiar—they all wore white and their caps and gowns. Do you suppose it was a masquerade party? And my goodness, how they talked about that pretty little Miss Welles because she wore a dark skirt! Every few hours they came out and new ones went in. Miss Maddison was there too. Other years Miss Thomas came; I wonder why she didn't come this time."

SHE—"Oh, I guess she ain't so fond of this class as them others. And they the most ladieslike class in college! They'll be graduatin' too, won't they? And then there won't be nobody nice left."

HE—"Oh, I think the Sophomores are very nice, refined young ladies too. Some of them were at the party. And I do think it rather extraordinary the way your Seniors let 1914 bring all the food and do all the dirty work, while they have all the fun?"

SHE—"I don't believe it. But say, what else happened?"

HE—"Well, I do think the young ladies are very good. They went all the way down to the Infirmary and got Miss Haines and brought her up in a rolling chair."

SHE—"Ain't it nice now, the way they wouldn't let her miss the tea?"

HE—"If you promise not to betray my confidence I will tell you a secret."

SHE—"See here! Ain't I been keepin' secrets for them ladies for years now, and nobody knowin' what plays they was givin'!"

HE—"Well, I have heard that Miss Barber disapproves of the young ladies having what she calls 'social engagements with the faculty.' And do you know that Dr. Barnes, and Mr. Holbrook, and that German man with the bad temper, were all there! And I heard Miss Catherine Thompson say that Julia (whoever she is) carried on perfectly scandalously. Why, when Dr. Jessen said, 'Don't you believe me?' She looked him straight in the eye and said, 'Dr. Jessen, I'd believe anything you tell me!'"

SHE—"Ain't that fresh now? I don't know who that Julia is, but my Miss Haines wouldn't never have done nothin' like that, I bet."

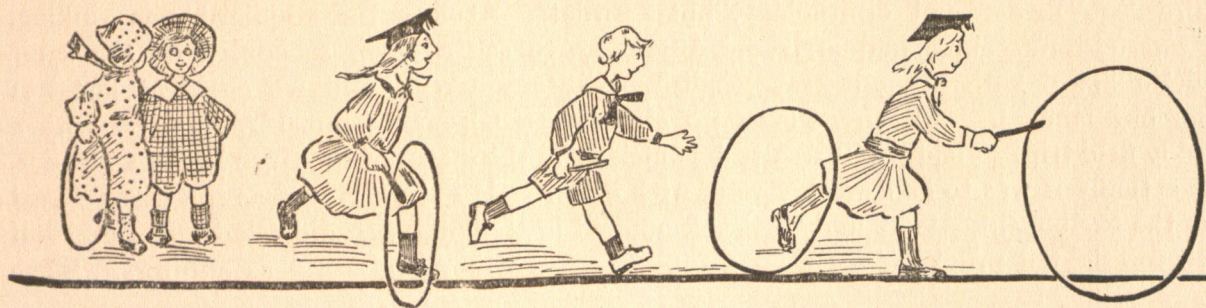
HE—"Well, I guess they had a good time though. But I don't think that party was as much fun as other years. They didn't carry on so, and I didn't hear much about it. But then 1912 always behaves well and never makes any breaks. They're such nice conventional girls. I'll be sorry to see them go."

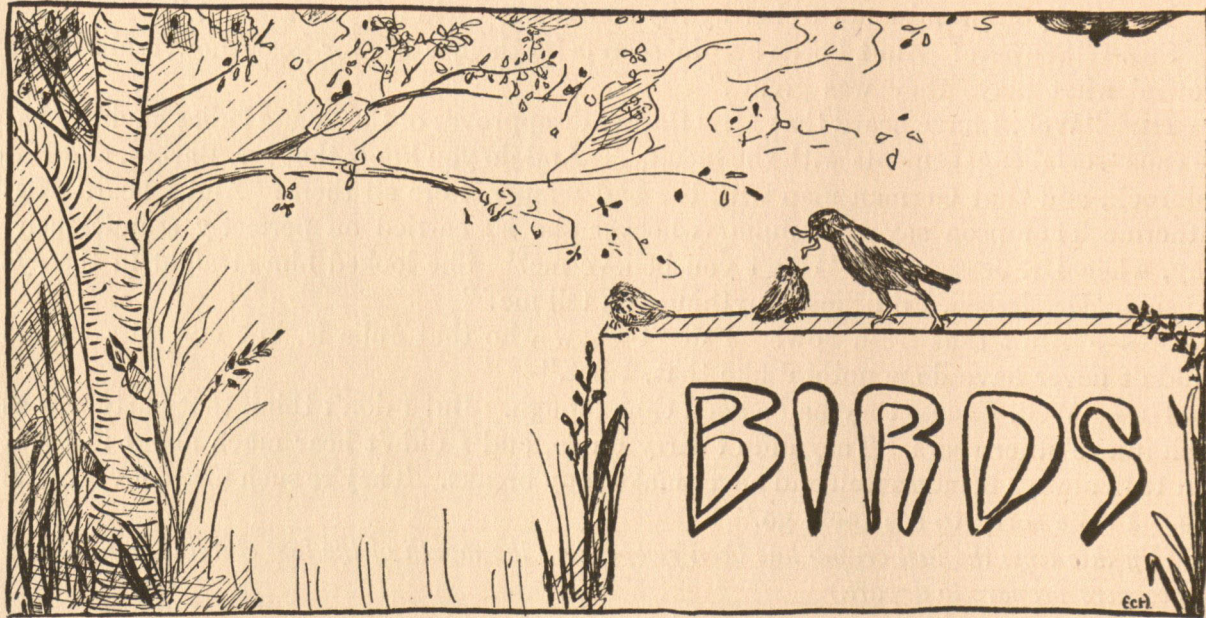
(By this time the last crumb has been swept from the mouth of the last starving mouse, and the sweepers prepare to depart.)

SHE—"So long, Nelson—see yez next year if yez want me!"

HE—"Good-night, Miss Jennie, much obliged and pleasant dreams!"

FLORENCE T. LEOPOLD.

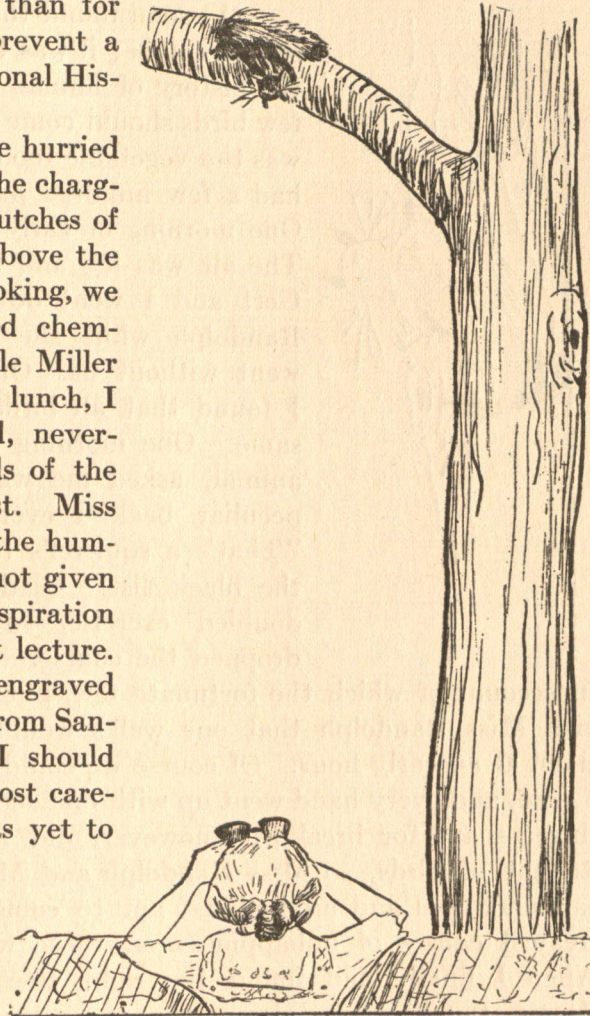




DURING the agonising days of my last midyear exams, there appeared on all the bulletin boards a notice of marvellous content and great promise, announcing that during the second semester Dr. Randolph would offer a one-hour elective in "Birds." "Birds;" not ornithology, but "Birds!" At last the standard was sinking, an *unacadeemic* course had arrived. 1912 was to see a cinch scheduled on the same bulletin board with Second Year English and Baby Greek, and we could at last rest from our labours. No microscopes, no alcohol, no lab-books, but bird lectures with a weekly field trip! Field trip it was to be officially in the mazes of the Bryn Mawr Calendar, but actually it was to be a weekly walk with our friends to be counted as exercise. Great was the excitement. Gert and Tack succumbed immediately, so did Glad and Beth, but with foresighted provision for their future happiness they registered as auditors. Then

I, more famous for taking that fateful step than for being first ten, rushed off to the office to prevent a conflict with Post-Major American Constitutional History to 1789.

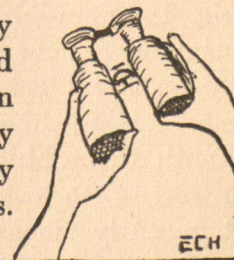
On the first day of the new semester we hurried eagerly to the Bi room, but, alas! far above the charging distance of the electroscope, above the clutches of the skeleton, above the reach of the smells, above the world of the weather reports, panting and choking, we had to climb. I, who had carefully shunned chemistry and geology for their loftiness, as Isabelle Miller had planned courses to give her time for milk lunch, I indeed was punished by the fates. We did, nevertheless, reach that skylight, though the hands of the clock were perilously near twenty minutes past. Miss Randolph called the roll from Mrs. Leuba to the humming bird herself. It is too bad "Birds" is not given in the first semester; it would be such an inspiration for Freshman Show. Then we had our first lecture. Miss Randolph told us how a bird with an engraved bracelet on its leg, like a dog collar, flew from Sandusky to Kentucky—or was it Keokuk? I should remember, for she wrote out all the names most carefully on the blackboard. But the worst was yet to come. I, who had so painstakingly avoided Bi with the rabbit and the alcohol, now was forced to examine pigeons that had but recently departed this life, and soft squashy stuffed birds with staring eyes.





We soon found that the one hour of lecture was just the excuse for the course; it was the field trips which were to be a landmark in the history of human tortures. Just to pass the time away until a few birds should come north, we each had a report to make. Gert's was the vegetable food of the crow. Then just to keep us busy we had a few hundred pages of reading to do in government reports. One morning in early March, we were to have our first field trip. The air was icy and the snow deep. Unfortunately Mrs. Leuba, Gert and I went down the campus to Low Buildings for Miss Randolph while she came up the Gulph Road to Dalton and went without us. On subsequent trips many were the surprises. I found that all birds do not sing alike, nor are all sparrows the same. One morning Miss Randolph, pointing to a strange gray animal, asked me what it was. "Why, it has the most peculiar beak I ever saw," and she answered pityingly, "That's a squirrel's tail." At Easter, Miss Randolph read the black list. Glad held the record with fifteen hours doubled exercise, so thereupon she, foresighted auditor, dropped the course. After our extended Easter vacation,

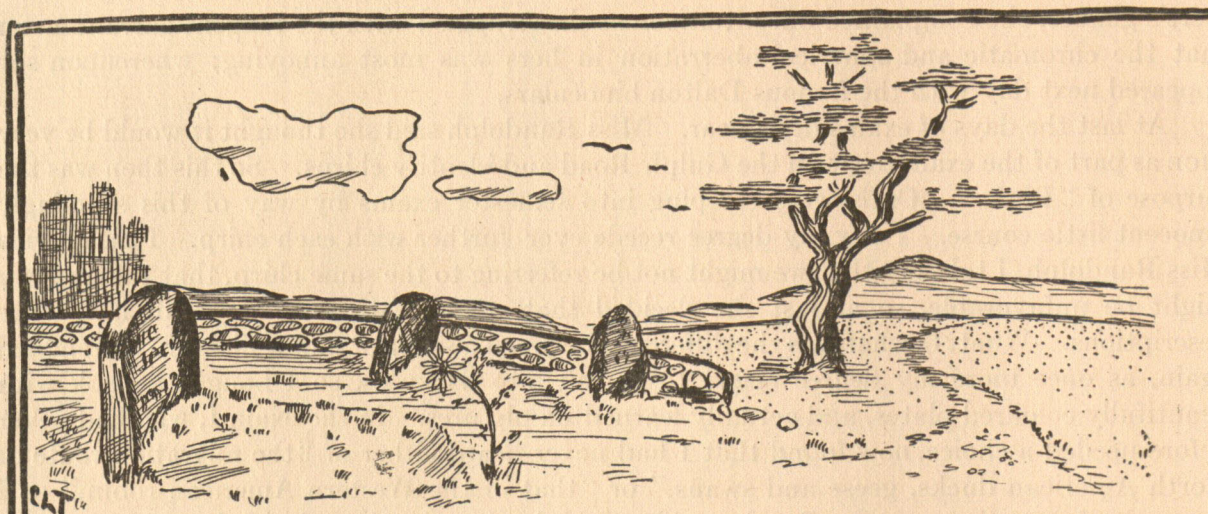
on account of which the fortunate few, but not I, missed a walk, we all agreed with Miss Randolph that our walks would be much more fruitful if taken at an early hour. Of course we could all be at Low Buildings by 6 A. M., and every hand went up with one accord. Five hours sleep and ginger snaps for breakfast, however, did not make me a very keen student of birds, so Miss Randolph and Miss Dimon took pity on my half-shut eyes and advised me not to come early again. One of my greatest causes of unhappiness on those walks was my field glasses. When I finally had found the right tree with my glasses, the bird was always sure to be gone. As for



Gert's glasses, she complained one afternoon as she struggled with the tangent galvanometer that the chromatic and spherical aberration in hers was most annoying; whereupon she appeared next day with the famous Dalton binoculars.

At last the days of exams drew near. Miss Randolph said she thought it would be very NICE as part of the exam to sit on the Gulph Road and identify chirps. So this then was the purpose of "Birds". Orals were creeping into semester exams by way of this seemingly innocent little course. I saw my degree recede ever further with each chirp. I plead with Miss Randolph, I told her that we might not be referring to the same chirp, that the weather might be unfavorable, so at last she decided that we were to visualise birds and write descriptions. What, O what was the difference between a sparrow and a flicker? I trembled again, as once more my degree began to vanish into darkness, so I bought a book with beautifully coloured plates, and actually learned six pictures. In the exam I, who had never before needed a choice, now found that I had never heard either of "the migration route of North American ducks, geese and swans," or "that of the Western American robin," so I chose the former because it offered a wider field for imagination, decided on Mexico and Yucatan, and then found that Chesapeake Bay was the southern limit. Now the course is over, I have been asked to write this tale of the academic Inquisition because the class book is still thin and there is plenty of *stuffing* to be found in the Dalton "Birds."

MIMICS FOWLS WARBLING.



THE HIGHER CRITICISM

HIGHER Criticism, in this instance, means that negative criticism applied in chapel, at intervals throughout the year, to the class of 1912. Take, for example, the remarks about the Lantern—my Lantern. (I drop a tear before proceeding.)

“The picture in the front is *very* good—better, I think, than last year’s.

The *Proof-reading* and *Paragraphing* are, I think, *admirably* done.

I do not agree with one word of the editorial, though it is written with *grace* and *charm*. It, I think, is not so good as last year’s.

The poetry I liked very much. It has a certain quality—shall we call it poetic—or something else?

It has a literary flavor." May I ask, without great disrespect, what would happen to a critical paper if—but I pause at this point.

A few days after that Miss Donnelly stopped me as I was hurrying past Juno to take an examination in the Lyric. Said she: "I did not agree with Miss Thomas. I thought the editorial better than last year's which was—fulsome! Miss Thomas said to me, you know, 'Lucy, tell me what *you* think is the best article in the *Lantern*—I won't tell that you told me.' But I said 'No, Miss Thomas, I cannot trust you!'" (True story T. R.)

So you see Miss Thomas had to make up her *own* opinion of the literary values of the *Lantern* on the spur of the moment, and I think we may call the resultant criticism mildly negative.

As a class, too, we have been subjected to this negative criticism or absence of criticism. It has gradually been forced on our unwilling and optimistic minds that Miss Thomas does not accept us at our own valuation. "Marked down to \$0.99. Formerly \$9.90," would almost express it. Consider, if you doubt this, the last day of lectures. Miss Thomas found suddenly, to her surprise, that it was the last chapel, and that old custom demanded a farewell speech to the Seniors. Her usual form is

I. What the class has done for the college.

Ex: (a) The Rotan quiz.

(b) The Tredway average, etc., etc.

II. Characteristics of the class.

Ex: 1910's adoration of the High Standard.

III. Prophecy for the Future.

In speaking to us she omitted I and II and so was able easily to compress her remarks into fifteen minutes instead of the usual long chapel; and to us, a class apparently without accomplishments or differentiating characteristics, she addressed the following hopeful advice which I have embodied in the following miserable rhyme:

Miss Thomas, one day,
Found out she must say
Farewell to our class that was going away.

'Twas in chapel that first
The thought on her burst
All unprepared she prepared for the worst.

"Miss Maddison here
(I forgot it, I fear)
Says that this chapel's the last of the year.

In looking at you
I feel that it's true
That we never can tell what classes *will do*.

Other ones have gone hence
Who here had no sense,
But out in the world they've been simply immense.

So you never can tell,
You *may* turn out well,
As a butterfly bursts from its hideous shell.

Then try no high flight,
Perhaps marriage is right
For a class such as you that isn't *too bright*."

It seems to me that there is only one thing left for us to do to heighten this faint

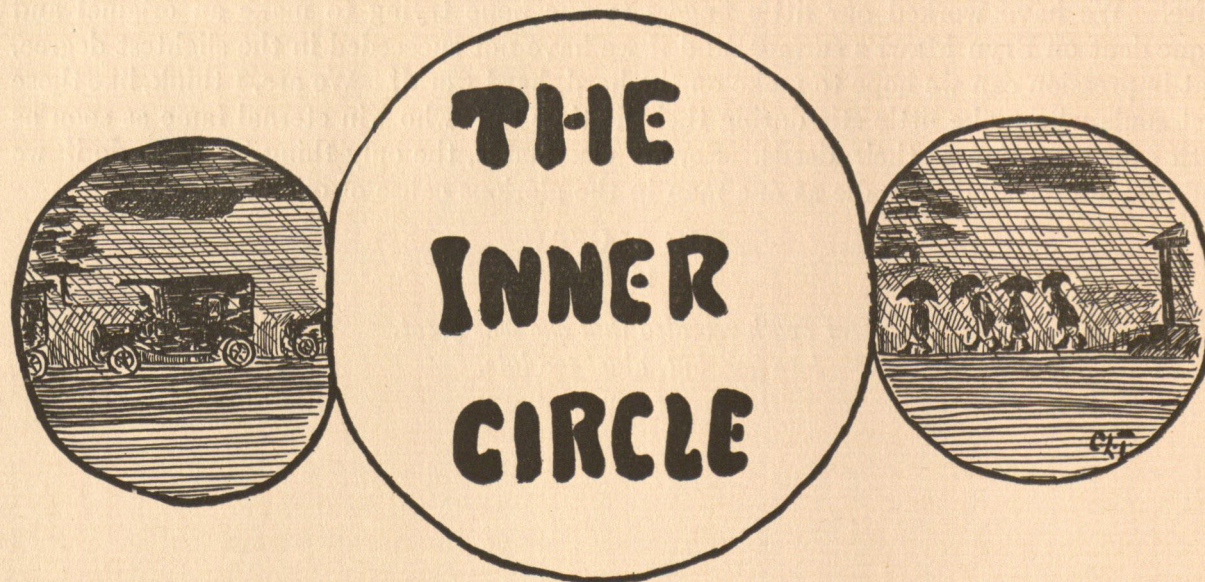
praise. We have worked our little fingers to the bone trying to make an original and unique dent on Bryn Mawr's surface, and if we have not succeeded in the slightest degree, what impression can we hope to make on the hard, hard world? We are, I think, like those quiet souls who make little stir during their lifetime but who win eternal fame as soon as death calls attention to their deeds. So, my classmates, the only thing for us to do if we would be appreciated is to die as one man in the glorious cause of our own fame.

HIC JACIT

1912

*Her death revealed that she was great.**We love her, but, alas! too late.*

FRANCES HUNTER.



(SENIOR RECEPTIONS)

WHEN Maysie's telegram came saying, "Can you possibly write another article, Senior Reception or anything, before the fourth?" I had just finished reading Ruth George's story in the June *Atlantic* entitled, "When Straits Them Press."

"Ah," thought I, "Ruth George was once editor of a class-book." I hope that all of the present class-book committee, when writing for the *Atlantic*, will select titles as evidently the result of experience. Experience that the *Atlantic* recognizes is worth following. Experience of every kind is, I am told, fraught with meaning.

This worries me. I don't believe I can write on Senior Reception from experience, for although an alumna of three-weeks standing, I can't find the "meaning" of them. Of course, I enjoyed them—what gregarious, omnivorous creature wouldn't? At the same

time, they don't seem to have great significance in the world-machine. Their proportions dwindle in the eyes of one whose position is much like that of "the beast with eyes before and behind." The scene of their splendour is now consecrated to convalescents. Its eloquent silences are broken, not by the Amazonian tramp of "Ten Seniors" with the dining-room ahead of them, but by the frank converse of two whose interests are above the marron. Truly "the old order changeth, yielding place to new;" and it began to change with the first reception.

Henry was distinctly of the old order. He had the very tendencies of a Solomon. But Henry disappeared before the first reception, leaving a new order concerned with nothing higher than punch.

The dresses that appeared at one half the receptions were of an old order compared to those that appeared at the alternate half. I might add that the writer found it advisable to be present on only one half of the evenings, but was lured further by the "sweet unconsciousness" of D. Wolff.

Receptions of the old order were little more than "nibbling flocks who stray;" not so these. They were conducted on the unique plan of "stage-coach." The "Ten Seniors" nearest Miss Thomas arose and left the room seeking what they might devour. The other fifty rushed to take their places, and the slowest had to be "It" and sit on the high-chair. This game was designed for the diversion of those who didn't understand the tariff, were "on the fence" regarding suffrage, or suspected that Bryan was the coming Presidential candidate. The only difficulty about it was that Miss Garrett couldn't appear until the end of the evening, since her high-chair was the main feature. It was a lovely game though, for it gave you such an appetite!

Of course, Mary Peirce and Catherine Thompson never played it; they could qualify for the dining-room without it, and Miss Thomas always sent them out in the first relay. Until they returned, we discussed some inconsequential matter like Counterpoint *versus* General English, or Phi Beta Kappa *versus* a \$1,500 Organ, as illustrative of Impossible Probabilities and Probable Impossibilities. Occasionally we condemned Self-Sacrifice and Ann Catherine in favor of Self-Development and President Thomas. These, in any case,

were nothing more than matters for scintillating repartee, intended to fill in the time until Piggy Peirce should return in a good humour. Then we discussed suffrage. (By the way, we found that Zelda should have been fed at the same time as M. P.)

This done, the conversation progressed safely enough, except one awful evening when a storm threatened to keep us all night at the Deanery. Miss Thomas sent for Miss Garrett and told her to talk to us about anything at all until she should return, then rushed upstairs, on a pretense of bringing Miss Garrett her flowers, but in reality to tell the maids to make ready all the guest-rooms and telephone for all our boudoir-caps. Meanwhile Miss Garrett welcomed us cordially.

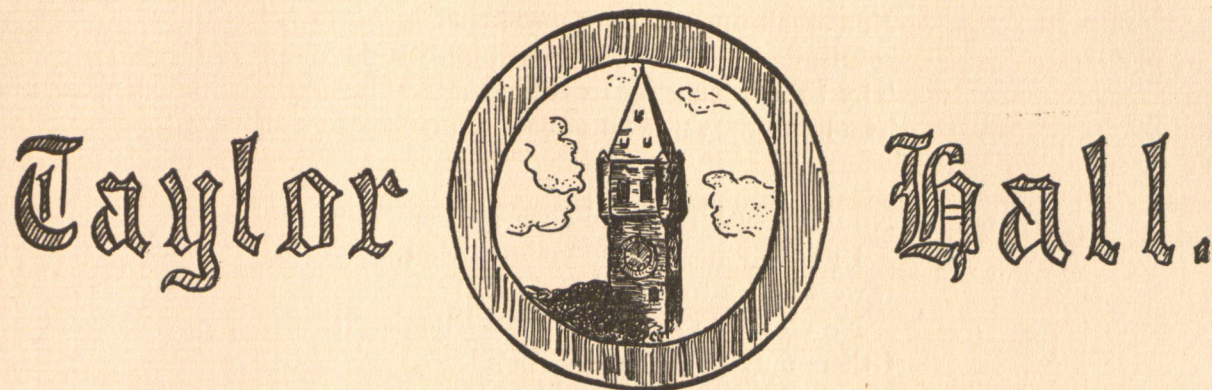
"I came down," she murmured, "because I thought I heard sounds of the Seniors leaving."

Carlotta graciously responded for us.

"We found that we couldn't go, Miss Garrett, because it was raining." The conversation went on in an atmosphere of domestic calm. While some of us were wondering whether the Deanery would have eggs for breakfast, Miss Thomas returned and told us regretfully that 1914 had come with goloshes and taxicabs insisting that we go home with them. They couldn't be pacified. We had to go. We shall never know what the Deanery has for breakfast.

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

ANNA C. HEFFERN.



O Taylor Hall, O Taylor Hall,
Thou nursery of our Inspiration,
Witness of countless hopes and fears
And home of the examination—
Still upon thee the sun shines on,
While we, alas, shall all be gone.

The verdure of thy gleaming towers
Is due, we know, to copper oxide.
Thy height, triumphantly displayed,
We've measured, with a sextant fox-eyed.
Romantic mysteries, hid of yore,
Are mysteries to us no more.

Thy voice melodious, in the dawn,
No more will rouse us from our slumber,
Nor break upon the evening hour,
Dismissing suitors without number.
Thy timekeeping for us is done,
The hour-glass now has nearly run.

No more with raptured gaze we'll spy
Upon thy boards the yellow ticket,
(Sweet token to a working girl),
No more in memory books we'll stick it.
Others may pounce upon it still,
We shall not feel the slightest thrill.

Our musings on the fate of Shakespeare's
Second-best bedstead now are ended,
And why, on the horizon's edge,
The moon should be so much extended.
Others can lightly muse and dream,
We are borne out into the stream.

No more in haste we'll fly from meals
To meetings—Ah, how we adore 'em—
Nor blissful hours of ease put in,
While zealots round beat up a quorum.
No respite from our doom appears—
We are cut off, with ruthless shears.

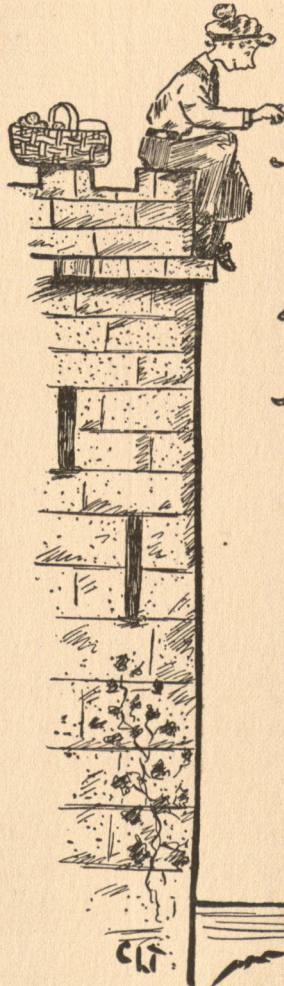
Papers and handkerchiefs of ours
No more will beautify Minerva.
Alas, the organ's tuneful notes
Will guide no more our moving fervour.
Organ, and orals, fade at last
Down the dim vista of the past.

But stay, my Muse, Shame bids thee halt.
Let us not think of themes like these.
What though we leave these pleasant walls,
Taylor stands four-square to the breeze,
Classes may come and go at will,
Taylor at least is standing still!

To other hands we gladly leave thee,
Chapel and towers and steps to own,
Whatever we may leave behind us
Some memories are ours alone—
Then while time lasts, let's rouse a cheer
In praise of all that happens here.

NORA CAM.

Emotions I Have Missed



LET me state right at the beginning that I very reluctantly missed the calm and peaceful emotion I might have enjoyed had not Maysie telegraphed me to write this article immediately. As it is, I scarcely know what to write about, for I believe I was, during my entire college career, animated by what Mrs. Wolff considers the motive power of the academic machine—the fear of missing something—and consequently managed to be pretty generally “on the spot.” But with the aid of several of my little classmates, especially Dorothy, who contributed some choice examples of emotions she very nearly missed, I have compiled the following account of what might have been of lasting value in my psychological life.

I do not intend to pay much attention to emotions I was forcibly compelled to miss. Somehow the loss of these has not quite embittered my life, though I am accustomed to shed tears over the treachery of those friends of mine who stole my alarm clock on the pretext that Lorle’s cold was really too bad to permit of her mowing daisies in the early dawn. I am told there never again will be such a sunrise. And I’ve never quite forgiven the person—I can’t remember who she was—who literally kept me



out of Rush Night—that last joyful Rush Night when Julia was strangled by the embrace of a loving Sophomore but revived gloriously “to save dark blue, girls.” These two losses I lay at the door of fate, as also my failure to make the hockey team and the Hinglish Club.

What I really regret with awful bitterness are the things whose accomplishment really lay within my power. I have never picnicked on the highest tower of the Lib, though Maysie and I once planned to view Lantern Night from that elevation. We never got there—perhaps the door was locked, anyway. But think of the untasted joy of throwing orange peel upon the heads of students hastening to the grindstone. As a grad, one does not throw orange peel. And then I never rang Taylor bell, notwithstanding the frequent invitations of a lab boy who used to be bell-ringer. Why, even Mary Alden and Biffy rang Taylor for some occasion—a vocational lecture, I presume. But then they did not carve their initials upon the place where one should carve, and without that the rite is not complete, so the lab boy said. Apropos of science, I never took geology or even climbed daily those three flights of stairs.

Another academic emotion I missed was that of not getting my degree. I can't see yet why I missed it, for I had the traditional book out of the library. However, Miss Jones assured me that my degree wasn't worth any thing—not even twenty dollars—till the book was returned. I did find the book, but 52 looked considerably less neat afterwards.

Now we're speaking of neatness, I should like to mention that jolly, messy, rainy-day picnic in 52—not that I missed it; that would have been difficult—but Pinney did, so I just thought I'd put it in. I remember some picnic emotions I did miss, however, and those were ones I might have had over food pilfered from President's receptions and brought to studious stay-at-homes. Unfortunately I attended all seven.

As for dramatic emotions, I am assured that I missed a great one in not seeing *Les Femmes Savantes*, and that just when I was being admitted to their company. Moreover, I never registered with an agency or received thrilling circulars or finally accepted an imposing situation.

Beattie tells me I can never know what I missed by not staying up absolutely all of one night. Somehow I never did my packing or studying at that time. I am afraid that's why

I never got into the Infirmary. I'm very sorry—to be sure I have another chance next year. But I'll never again have a chance to get into Senior picture and have my hair blown about by a regular hoop-rolling wind. And, alas, I missed the thrill of cheering the last Anassa! Why should that fatal absentmindedness or rather that persistent cheerfulness attack me just when I might have been enjoying a most pleasurable melancholy moment. Anyhow, I wager that's an emotion ninety-five per cent of the class missed with me. Who cares if we can't cheer Anassa any more? I propose an *alumnæ* variation of our beloved "German yell." "As Bum Alum—Hip, Hip, Hurray! We're going to have our little say: Ia, Ia, Ia—"

LORLE STECHER.

Samie's 161st Chat with Her Friends; or, The Establishment of Dualism; or, The Last Class Meeting of 1912

THE one hundred and sixty-first meeting of the class of 1912 was held on Friday, June 7, 1912, at ten o'clock in Pembroke West. (We found to our amazement that we had outgrown Pembroke East as we doffed the torn gown of the Senior and donned the imposing one of the A. B., alumna of B. M. C.)

Mary Peirce, president, in the chair.

The meeting having been called to order (with little effect) by a loud rapping of the gavel on the mahogany table, the first business before the meeting was the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.

Amid much noise, it was moved and seconded that the minutes of the previous meeting be read. Carried. The minutes were read and accepted.

The chair then, in stentorian tones, denting hard the table with her gavel in feeble efforts to make herself heard, commanded all delinquents who had ordered pictures of various individuals in the class, to go and get them from Katharine Shaw, as it wasn't fair to make K. decorate her paternal plate rail with pictures of her classmates, even if they were "hers in 1912." (Reference—Hoby's eighth letter to Willa concerning 1911 class book.)

At this point, the class treasurer in a meek voice asked the chair to tell people to pay their class dues. The chair, shocked to find that "class spirit" could have sunk so low, sternly commanded them to do so—immediately and at once.

The secretary proceeded, amid groans, to give out Garden Party bills, whereupon several "birds that catch the worm" attempted to pay her on the spot and one misguided damsel murmured, "I don't see why my bill should be so large. Gert's isn't." (Characteristic as an outburst of two-ism.)

About this time, the not unpleasant noises compounded of the sounds made by bee, cricket, frog, and Catherine Thompson (who says that people always "pick on her" for

making noise in class meetings, but when she doesn't talk they make just as much noise and never pick on anybody. Who said this wasn't a rummy world?) swelled to a wild murmur. The chair had brought up the question of reunion. A loud voice moved that the reunions be held in Pembroke East, several seconded, the chair rose to the table and counted quickly. East had won the day.

The class dinner! A louder wail than before. "Have it in Radnor. If you don't, we'll never have a chance to sit in those new dining-room chairs!"

"Oh, Denbigh's such a nice hall!"

"And we gave all those strawberry festivals for"

"You know nobody will ever come back—except just enough to fill Den"

"Well, we had that class supper"

"I do want to sit in those chairs"

. . . and that breakfast on May Day in Rock and everybody had a fine time."

"Yes, but those chairs are"

"Denbigh has a nice dining-room and"

"You can hear toasts in Rock"

"In Denbigh, too!"

"No, you can't!!"

"Yes, I heard one last night on the proper way to bring up children."

"Well, you shouldn't listen."

"You can't hear, anyway."

z-z-z-z-z - - - -

Chair—"I don't care if this is the last class meeting. I'm hoarse and the table is black and blue. If you don't keep quiet, I'll adjourn this class meeting—until next year."

Silence, or rather a cessation of hostilities for a moment, while the chair proceeds to take a vote. Result: Rock 9, Radnor 14, Denbigh 21.

"Denbigh has it." (Loud applause.)

"Well, Denbigh is a nice hall," resigned murmur from defeated Rock- and Radnor-ites. The real business of the meeting at last began. It was moved and seconded that the

class baby be the first girl baby born to a member of the distinguished class of 1912, who was privileged to bear upon her shoulders the yellow and white hood of Bryn Mawr, who had been, as Daddy Warren said, "a degree-taker." Loud applause greeted this stroke of genius, which was carried unanimously (if such a thing can happen).

Yet not for long did peace reign in the camp of the—well, certainly not Philistines? "1912 always has two of everything—two songs to everybody on every occasion, two plays at once, *even* two stage managers!" The motion was therefore amended to read: "The first girl baby, etc., or if the first be girl twins, both shall be chosen."

On such a subject the chair should be open for discussion, agreed the holders of ideas, so Babel began.

"Listen to me, girls," cried D. Wolff with *sangfroid* and *éclat*, "there are three kinds of twins, *i. e.*, two girls, two boys, one of each. Now if the twins should be boys, let's have both, for two boys equal one girl. (Laughter.) Or if one girl and one boy, have the girl, for one boy by no means equals a girl."

Murmurs—"That's not fair. Let the boy be an associate class baby!"

Zelda, who had been taking great interest in the discussion, interrupted vehemently, "No, suh! And have that boy teased all his life for being a Bryn Mawr class gurl baby. We have no right to brand a human being like that." And having majestically vindicated herself, she returned to her interrupted conversation with Florence while the rest of the class stated their views like a "well-trained mob," *i. e.*, not in concert, but in individual, spontaneous outbursts, continuous and unending, as "no one has to stop because her neighbour does."

Disgusted pessimist in the corner: "I bet nobody has twins! I move that this class behave itself for the rest of the meeting." Carried (by unselfish but ill-disposed-to-peace members). Note the German order!

Hub-bub reigned supreme again.

Pessimist—"I move that the disorderly members be sent out." Carried.

After which there is quiet for fully twelve seconds, the disorderly members not wishing to miss a proposed discussion concerning triplets.

The chair announced in the lull: "Members of 1912 are invited to join the Woman's University Club of New York City immediately, without an initiation fee, which otherwise will be fifteen dollars."

It was moved and seconded that the baby be given a silver porringer. Carried.

Thereafter, the time of reunions was discussed. Napoleon, alias Jimmy Valentine, suggested that if the second reunion be May Day, 1914, we might be allowed to give a stunt—"and 1912 never knows itself so well as when giving plays or doing stunts." To this statement all the actresses gave their unqualified approval, but the friends (I mean the special friends) of 1914 objected. They thought it would be "too perfect for words" to have the reunion at Commencement, for then they could see 1914 commence.

It was moved and seconded that the years of reunion be the first, second, third, fifth, and every five years afterward, particular stress to be laid on the first, third, fifth, tenth, etc. Carried.

It was moved and seconded that the question of the second reunion be left to the permanent president. Carried.

Thereafter, Dorothy Wolff promised to give one hundred dollars to the Loan Fund if the class would raise two hundred. Nearly one hundred and fifty was immediately subscribed.

Nominations for a permanent president were then in order.

Result of nominations: Peirce 43, Haines 1.

It was moved and seconded that the nomination be declared an election. Carried unanimously.

Nominations for a permanent secretary and treasurer were then in order.

Result of nominations: Haines 15, Shaw 8, Crenshaw 8, Watson 8.

Result of election: Haines 21, Crenshaw 10, Shaw 7, Watson 7.

Julia Haines was thereupon declared elected.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, the illustrious class of 1912 adjourned until June, 1913.

Note.—Every member of said class promised to write Julia everything momentous every three months. So in future, tell it to Julia.

LOUISE WATSON.

“Pro Classem Propheciam”

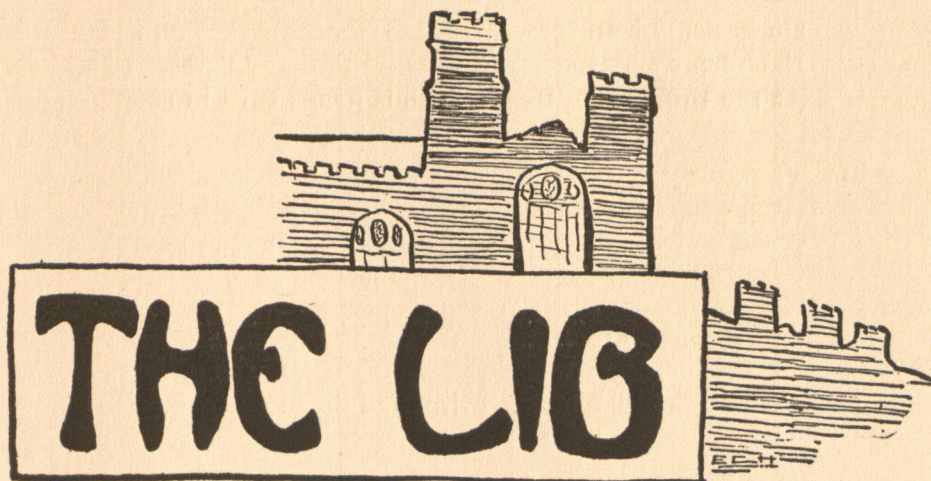
A CLASS prophecy is a tradition and so there is every reason why 1912 should have one. Why struggle as we did about Garden Party to be original? In that matter we were agreed upon one important point; we did not like it the way it was, so we appointed a committee to “scientifically investigate.” It found the only true 1912 solution, and Jean explained that the one thing to do was to invent a new tradition which would drown the old one—in the cloister fountain preferably. However, we did not succeed in setting an example of originality to the other classes, but bent to our Fate and depended merely on our nice lucky light-blue weather for novelty. Perhaps that was not the way to start a tradition anyway. It ought to grow up spontaneously like the Christmas tree tradition in the cloisters. We did not need that little ceremony, but as soon as it had happened everyone recognized its fitness and accepted it. We only regret that 1912 will be gone when it will be customary, the night before Christmas vacation, for the Freshmen and Sophomores to go out and trim their sister classes’ trees, providing their special friends with nice presents, and, in general, demonstrating their devotion. The upper classes might join in the ceremony and reciprocate by trimming the underclass trees in a wholesale, but beautiful, manner. It might be well, too, to have the classes sing appropriate Christmas songs as they march around their trees while admiring parents watch from the roof. But all this will come naturally and I must not stunt its gentle growth by the free play of my sportive imagination.

I have nothing to substitute for the Prophecy; I mean simply to disregard the convention, merely because I can think of nothing that the class might *not* do, and what I might suggest would be sure to seem tame beside the reality. When we consider the events that happened around us daily in our last year at college who will say that anything is impossible. Some of these things were tempered for our undergraduate ears by assuming the name of myths. But that no longer deceives us. They are true, every one; as true as that the Pembroke cook is so fat that she was put up on the top floor in the kitchen when the building was being built, and by a mistake the stairs and elevator were made so

small that now she cannot get down and has to stay there forever and cook roast beef and tomato juice toast. They are as true as that Dr. Smith and Miss Parris are a bashful bridegroom and a blushing bride, and the romance has been going on under our jesting, but unconscious, noses for years. As true as the professors' gym, or Dr. B. and the lamp-post, or Miss King and the monastery; but I need not and dare not elaborate on them here. However—a word of advice in your ear—expect the impossible and do not be surprised when it happens.

“If it comes from light blue
It *must* be true.”

MARY ALDEN MORGAN.



Now that Hoby's vocation
Is collaboration
With Bishops, the Lib is in sad degradation.

When Hoby was here
We trembled with fear;
We dared not draw breath lest her form should appear.

With echoing hush,
And sibilant shush,
Each attempt at disorder she sternly did squish.

Our library proctor:
Scrib's sneezes they shocked her,
And now that she's left us, our state none can doctor.

On heels, not on toes,
Each heavy foot goes,
At the thundering tread nervous heads turn in rows.

And every chair creaks
With nerve-racking squeaks;
When a student's loquacious, right loudly she speaks:

"I can't get a drink
Except maybe some ink,
Because my last penny I dropped down a chink."

"Oh, come to the Pike!
This Lib I don't like—
It won't take much time if we steal Pritche's bike.

"Some ice cream we'll buy;
Glocker's price is too high,
So we'll get it at Edward's and charge it to Spry."

"Come, Mary, old sport,
Leave that beastly report;
We have chocolate and strawberry, more than a quart.

"Ask Winny and Lill,
Or any old pill,
To come to the cloister and gobble their fill."

When you work for a quiz
Enter Taby and Liz
Showing sad Trans-Atlantics Miss Thomas's phiz.

"Note the Byzantine ceiling;
The Cloisters revealing
The true Gothic gargoye all writhing and reeling."

Around the paved walk
Pale suitors do stalk
With students, embarrassed, attempting to talk.

I blush when I say
That last Saturday
On the brink of the fountain a bathing-suit lay.

Who could it have been?
She must have been thin,
Or how in the world could she ever get in!

Our books while we sleep
Are reft from our keep
And down in the cloak-room are piled in a heap.

The chairs all do squeak,
The stair's made of teak,
On poor Batey's head the tiles they did leak,

And so, from that hour
The door to the tower
Miss Jones has kept locked: the key's in her power.

How thrilling a thing
To hear Mr. King!
With "*Hamlet remember*" the cloisters do ring.

'Twas here that Vashti
With horrified cry
Saw the janitor creeping with flashlight more nigh.

Her shriek of dismay
Brought Polly that way,
Who in well-chosen language soon drove him away.

The glaring high-light
Monty thinks is not right—
It gives one fatigue and is bad for the sight.

She hovers about,
Turning every light out,
Till in comes Miss Jones and puts her to rout.

"Would we," some one cried,
"Have a Faculty Bride
If Miss Parris's office hadn't Smith's alongside?"

My transitions are queer,
I have bored you, I fear;
Yet bear up a moment —the end is now near!

No more for long hours
We'll water the flowers
Of Intellect's plant beneath these tall towers.

Lib, we bid you adieu!
We loathed you, it's true,
But in you we learned the little we knew.

FRANCES HUNTER.

Goodbye, 1912

“**D**EAR, dear girls,” as Mrs. Pankhurst would say, if this title sounds sentimental, don’t blame me. I got it from Mary Alden, and you know she is incorrigible when it comes to tears.

Well, as I was about to say when your smile so rudely interrupted me, 1912’s goodbyes have had a long and checkered career. My own just awful premonitions of parting came the end of Sophomore year. I realized that I was no longer so young as I once had been, my friendships were all formed, the half of my college course lay behind me—in short, I was on the top of a pleasant tableland, with a slow, sunny slope running up to it, and an awful rocky declivity ahead. You know those scenic railways that slide you up a well-oiled umbrella-top of a hill and then leave you eyeing the concave agony below. Well, that was me in the spring of 1910.

However, the plunge once taken turned out to be not so plungeful after all. Life showed no immediate signs of flagging. Not so you’d notice it. We did get a bit worked up by Spring over getting our rings and saying goodbye to 1911. But as an example of what kept happening, take our Junior-Senior Supper Play. The curtain went down with emphasis and finality on the “Romanesques”; 1911 patted us on the back, said “how sweet,” and prepared to grow miserable—when out whisks a new set of programmes, up goes the curtain again, and Julia and Maysie, all resplendent, proceed to “take advantage of the better side of Barb’s nature.”

This Fall, I acknowledge, was pretty bad. 1912 tumbled out on the station platform promptly at 3 p. m. Monday, and embraced each other with choking voices (can a voice embrace?), reflecting that they would never meet this way again. However, eight months of meeting-before-parting cannot all be maintained at this level, and by, say March, I for one was beginning to feel pretty well acclimated. The rigours of Senior year were, as Dr. Barnes would say, not so rigid after all. “Goodbye, hockey,” was, of course, a bit of a wrench—but then nobody can say there was anything plaintively reminiscent about that

cup—can they, Carmelita? My own emotions during the games were rather kaleidoscopic, for by some fine frenzy of our captains, I was ricocheted back and forth between upper and lower field, bidding each goodbye three times.

Water polo was another academic emotion. How we wept when we reflected that each practice was bringing us nearer the end of the season! Ah, Terry, Terry, what in after years will ever make up to us for those lost bright moments in the pool! And then the match games. To think that we shall never again feel Cox swimming over us when we have the ball. And Freshman Goodhue; good little Goodhue, what cosy times she and I did have together. Yes, here too “all is vanity and a striving after wind.”

Basket-ball and tennis were real goodbyes too (though Varsity matches thick amongst the midst of Commencement week did seem a trifle anticlimactic)—and as to Track—well, I just can't bear to think of it. When I shut my eyes and see Fanny's face that noon—poor, poor Fanny with her future all behind her—I just double up and cry. Ah, why must man outlive his strength?

Dramatics was another thing hard to leave. So, true to our tradition, we didn't leave it. Ask Mr. King. How about that last night after Commencement, Julia, in front of the Library steps? “Devilish good advice” that was, about “If Villon were the king of France”—eh, dollies?—with all the “cullions and cutpurses” (and Samuel Arthur) gathered round.

Singing? Well, of course, Taylor steps can't last forever, but then there are others: the aforementioned Library ones (for particulars apply to Miss Park and the grieved partakers of Alumnæ Supper), the Gymnasium ones (apply to Gym Jenny), and finally our front stairs at Rumson. Those last almost reduced my mother to retiring by the banisters, but she enjoyed it—and you should have heard my alto.

But to return to the real subject of 1912 goodbyes: I wonder how many of them really were said that last week—counting “repeaters”? By about 12 p. m. Friday if anyone had forced her way into our room and asked for a ham sandwich, I know Gentle Gracie and I would as one man have “poked our hand up and cast our eyes down” over the packing-cases, murmuring, “What, must you already? Yes, the address-book is at the bottom

there. Well, *goodb*——” As one classmate remarked to me yesterday, “My great Commencement emotion was exhaustion.”

But the chief reason for the mitigation of “goodbye 1912” was, I think, our thoroughness. As Barb would say, we do nothing by halves. Of course two farewells are better than one. So the course of your parting was about as follows: (a) On Friday evening you hastily made the rounds of Radnor, Pem. and Rock, wrung Miss Norton’s hand in Denbigh, and dropped into bed with your plethoric trunk and your gaunt room staring you in the eye, full of the devastating certainty that this was the end of Bryn Mawr for you. (b) On Saturday morning the sun arose much as usual, everybody came to breakfast, and you repeated your last messages with just a shade less of *empressement*, but mighty heartily nevertheless. (This was before you went to check your trunk at the station.) (c) On the way down you met one-quarter of Radnor, one-sixth of Rock, and three-fifths of East and West, all bound on the same errand. So you said it again. (d) Then you wandered down the Pike (the shops were all still there) and paid a few farewell bills. Returning via the Post Office you met Scribby, Isabel Vincent, Margaret Thackray, and of course Polly, registering their addresses. And (e) as the 10.50 pulled out, you got there just in time to receive the encumbered (but thorough) embraces of the (approximately) $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of the college hitherto unaccounted for. (f) Somewhat exhausted with this and with finding M. B. A.’s trunk check, Catherine’s key, your own cloister chair and Fairy’s summer sewing, you returned to a most invigorating lunch with Miss Norton. (Pokey was there too: trust Pokey.) (g) At 2.20 you finally took the train. Nineteen other solitary 1912’ers also took it. From Haverford to Narberth you exchanged promises to write. (h) At Broad Street some of them really left; but eight new ones appeared, and informed you, yes, they too were going to Dorothy’s or Beattie’s as the case might be; and, you bet, they weren’t going to miss Eaglesmere after that, either.

So it goes, 1912. Shall we ever succeed in getting our goodbyes really said? I trust not. So far even the big city refuses to swallow us up. You should have seen Miss Parris’s wedding: Why, Bryn Mawr *was* that wedding. I happened to be a little late myself (Miss Parris was just saying, “I will”), but as I broke through the barred front

door and the expressive faces of the congregation turned toward me, at least, every third expression was a Bryn Mawr one.

Perhaps next winter, however, we shall achieve some genuine goodbyes. There is to be a bang-up reunion in the Spring, you know, and that will be a fine time for them. Then before that there are to be Terry's and Jean's and Carmelita's "coming outs," and all the class is invited to attend them in rotation, *en masse*, and bid our little debutantes "*bon voyage*." On the way back we must be sure (if we are History Club) to spend the night at Mrs. Smith's, and give a few parting words of advice to Clara and Tacky and Rosalie and Mary Brown—not to mention our esteemed Norah and Lorle and K. Longwell. Also what about the Secretarial Christine? Yes, this last sad severing of connections does look like a life-sentence to me. But then, alumnae 1912, cheer up! After all, at the end, one of us will have to outlive the others. And then, at her fiftieth reunion, bereft of all college associations, she can totter feebly back from Varsity basket-ball, supported at either arm by the victorious Class Babies; and, gathering the Class Grandchildren about her knee, bid them quaveringly look up at the green shade of a certain sturdy oak "and remember that *that's* how you worship Bryn Mawr."

DOROTHY S. WOLFF.

Athletic Record

Tennis

Captain—FARIES

Singles

FARIES
HAINES
CORWIN

Doubles

FARIES
HAINES
CORWIN
VENNUM
SOUTHWICK
PEIRCE

Varsity

FARIES

Won by 1909

Class champion—FARIES

Hockey

Captain—COSTELLOE

SCRIBNER
HAINES
CHASE, C.
BROWN, M. W.
SHAW
GARRIGUES

Freshman Year

PINNEY
HARTSHORNE
COSTELLOE
FARIES
CRENSHAW

Won by 1910

Swimming Meet

Captain—FARIES

COSTELLOE
MEARKLE
PEIRCE
EDGERTON
WOLFF
TERRY
FARIES

Won by 1909

Water Polo

HUNTER
MEARKLE
EDGERTON
SOUTHWICK
TERRY
COSTELLOE
CHAMBERS
CHASE, C.

Won by 1910

Indoor Track

Captain—BROWN, M. W.

CRENSHAW
THACKRAY
FARIES
MCKELVEY
CHASE, C.
BYRNE
SCRIBNER
BARLOW
COSTELLOE

Won by 1909

Individual by Emerson '11

Basket Ball

Captain—SCRIPTURE

VENNUM
TERRY
CHASE, C.
BARBER
CHAMBERS
SCRIPTURE
SOUTHWICK
PRESTON
ARTHURS

Sophomore Year

Tennis

Captain—FARIES

Singles

FARIES
SOUTHWICK
CORWIN

Doubles

FARIES
GARRIGUES
SOUTHWICK
WOLFF
CORWIN
THACKRAY

Varsity

FARIES

Won by 1913

Class champion—FARIES

Hockey

Captain—C. CHASE

CHASE, C.
ARTHURS
SOUTHWICK
CHAMBERS
McKELVEY
GARRIGUES

PINNEY
HARTSHORNE
MEAD
FARIES
CRENSHAW

Won by 1910

Swimming Meet

Captain—PINNEY

BARBER
EDGERTON
WOLFF
CHASE
MEARKLE
SOUTHWICK
TERRY
FARIES

Won by 1910

Water Polo

PEIRCE
BARBER
EDGERTON
WOLFF
FARIES
CHASE
PINNEY

Won by 1913

Indoor Track

Captain—CRENSHAW

SCRIBNER
CHAMBERS
PINNEY
SCRIPTURE
McKELVEY
CRENSHAW
CHASE, C.
LAMB
PEIRCE

Won by 1911

Individual by Emerson '11

Basket Ball

Captain—CHAMBERS

PINNEY
VENNUM
CHAMBERS
CHASE
BARBER
SCRIPTURE
LAMB
ARTHURS
SOUTHWICK

Won by 1910

Junior Year

Tennis

Captain—FARIES

Singles

FARIES
CORWIN
VENNUM

Doubles

FARIES
CORWIN
VENNUM
WOLFF
CHASE
PEIRCE

Varsity

FARIES

Won by 1913

Class champion—FARIES

Hockey

Captain—CHASE, C.

CHAMBERS
HAINES
CHASE
WOLFF
McKELVEY
PINNEY
FARIES
SCRIPTURE
CRENSHAW

HARTSHORNE
VINCENT
BRANCH

Won by 1911

Varsity

CHASE
FARIES
CRENSHAW

Swimming Meet

Captain—SCRIPTURE

TERRY
SCRIPTURE
WOLFF
BARBER
CHASE
PEIRCE
STECHEER
EDGERTON

Won by 1913

Water Polo

PEIRCE
CHASE
SCRIPTURE
TERRY
EDGERTON
HURD
BARBER
WOLFF

Won by 1914

Indoor Track

Captain—CRENSHAW

HURD
PEIRCE
CHASE
CRENSHAW
SCRIBNER
FARIES
BARBER
McKELVEY

Won by 1911

Individual by Emerson '11

Basket Ball

Captain—CHAMBERS

TERRY
PINNEY
CHAMBERS
CHASE
SCRIPTURE
CRENSHAW
BARBER
ARTHURS
WATSON

Won by 1913

Varsity

CHAMBERS
CHASE

Senior Year

Tennis

Captain—FARIES

Singles

FARIES
CORWIN
VENNUM

Doubles

FARIES
CORWIN
VENNUM
PEIRCE
WOLFF
THACKRAY
Won by 1914

Hockey

Captain—CHASE, C.

HAINES
TERRY
CHASE, C.
ARTHURS
BARBER
SCRIBNER
FARIES
PINNEY
SCRIPTURE
HARTSHORNE
CRENSHAW
HUNTER

Won by 1912

Varsity

Captain—CHASE, C.

FARIES
CRENSHAW
HARTSHORNE
PINNEY
CHASE, C.

Swimming Meet

Captain—TERRY

TERRY
BARBER
CHASE
WOLFF
FARIES
EDGERTON
PEIRCE
SCRIPTURE
CRENSHAW
HURD

Won by 1914

Water Polo

PEIRCE
SCRIPTURE
TERRY
CHASE
BARBER
CRENSHAW
FARIES

Won by 1914

Outdoor Track

Captain—CRENSHAW

CRENSHAW
FARIES
THACKRAY
McKELVEY
BYRNE
HAMMER
PEIRCE
PINNEY
CHASE
HARTSHORNE
BARBER
HUNTER

Won by 1912

Individual by Crenshaw '12

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running broad jump, 100-yard hurdle,
75-yard dash broken by Crenshaw.

Basket Ball

Captain—SCRIPTURE

TERRY
VENNUM
CHASE
SCRIPTURE
CRENSHAW
BARBER
ARTHURS

Varsity

Captain—SCRIPTURE
SCRIPTURE

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L'Envoi

*Our book is done! A Comedy at best,
Some tales retold, dull mirth, ill suited jest.
We wager that a score of you have yawned,
Or sighed to see our antics so prolonged.
And yet we've played to please ourselves—Goodnight,
Follies of nineteen twelve—the Finis write.*

M. B. A.



The Faculty





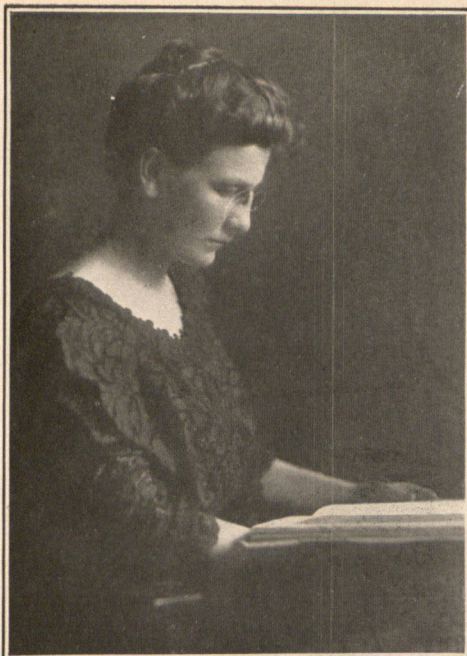


Photo by Elias Goldensky.

Miss Reilly



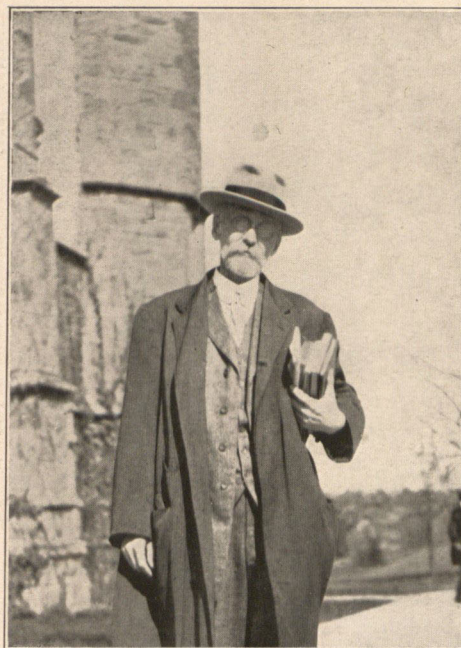
Izzie Mad



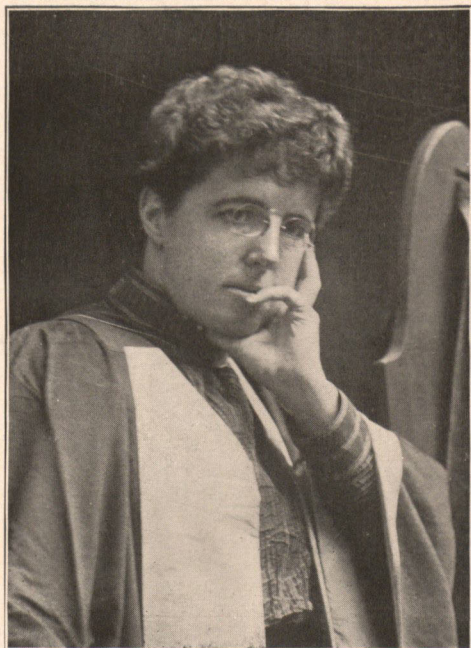
Miss Park



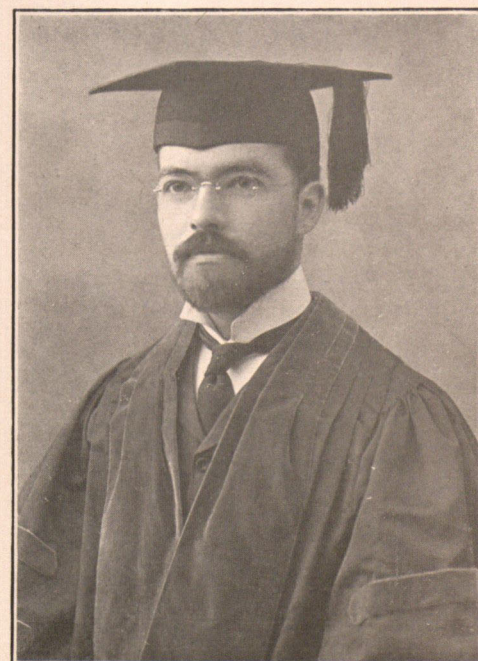
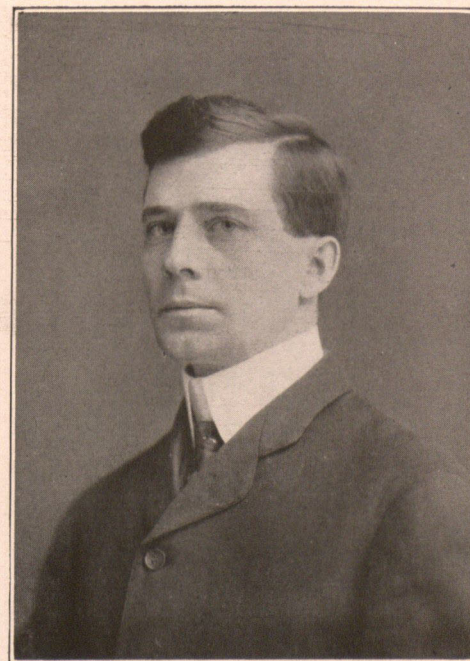
Anna Lawther



Daddy Warren



Dr. Scott



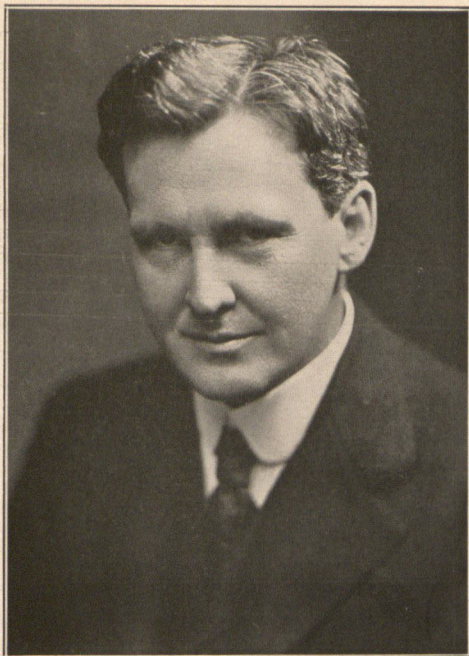
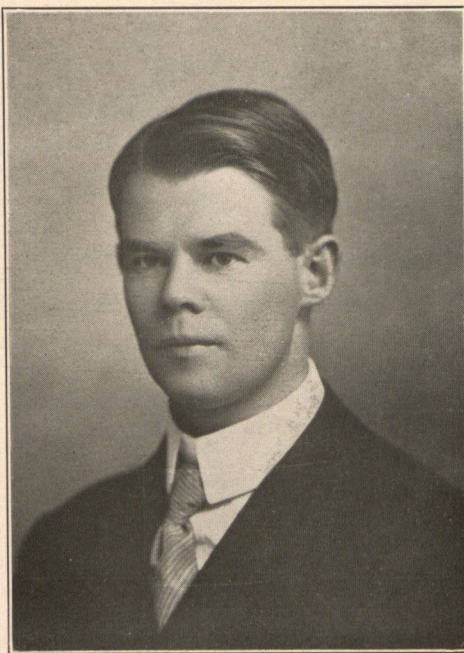


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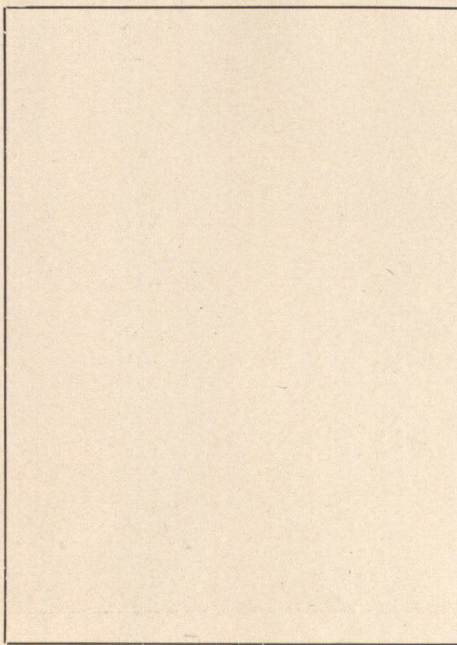
Dr. Huff



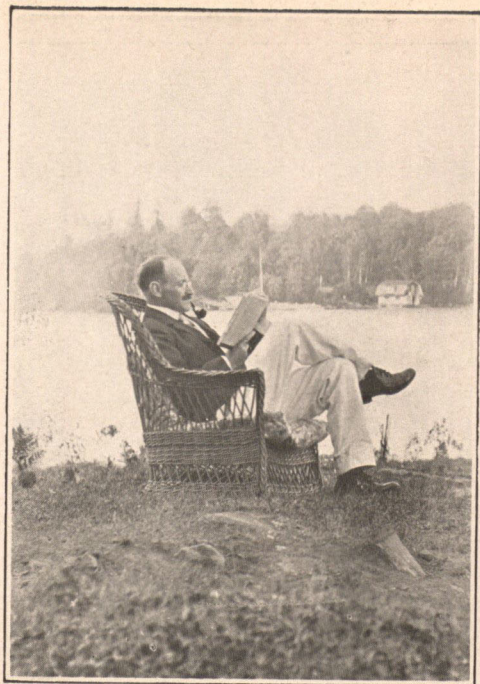
Dr. Barnes



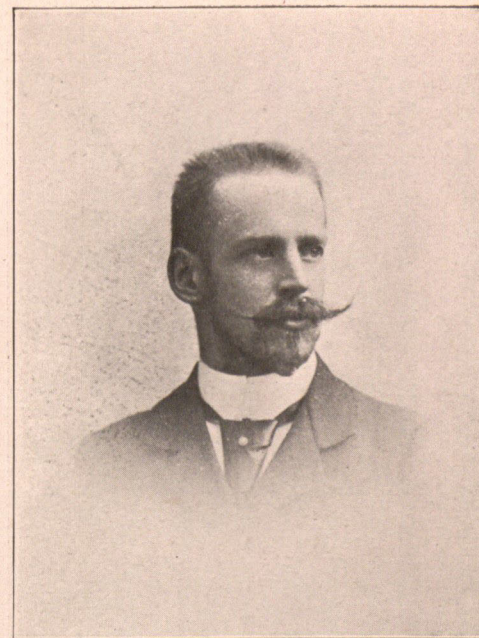
Wm Row Smith



"Sammy Arthur" King



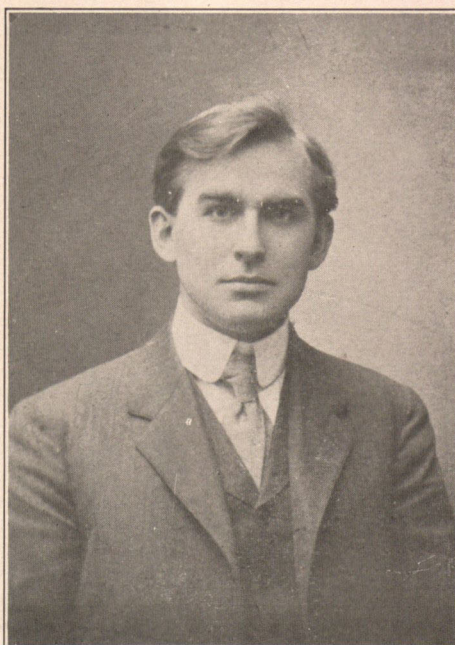
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Schurz

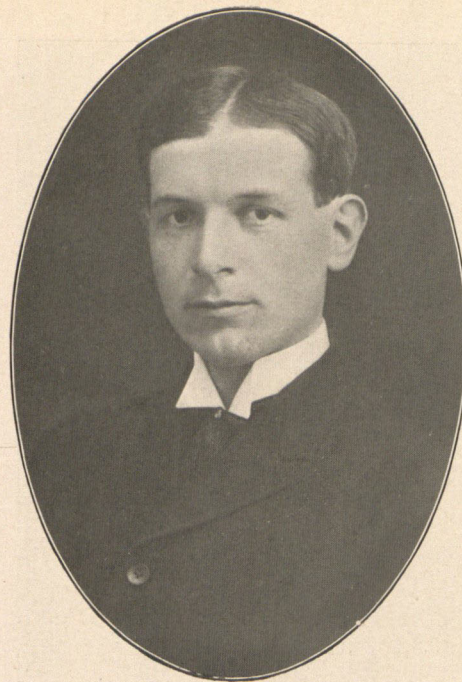


Wheeler

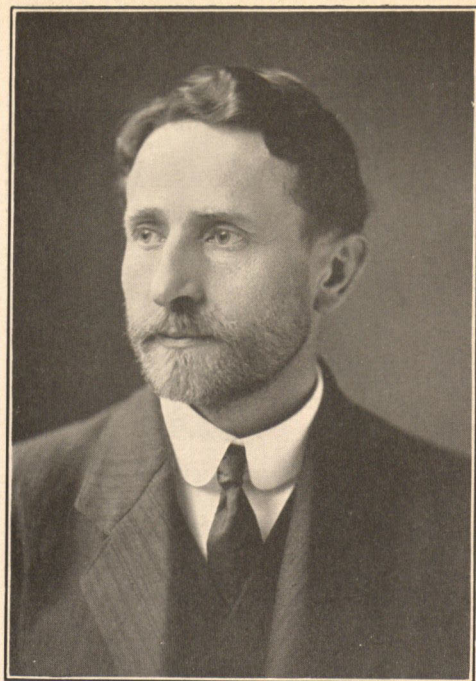


Tenney Frank





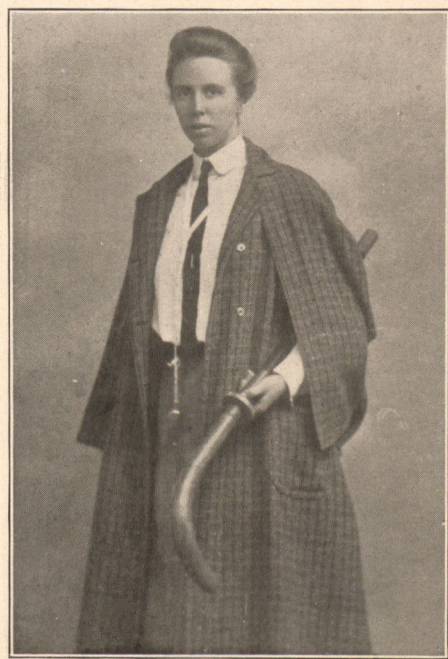
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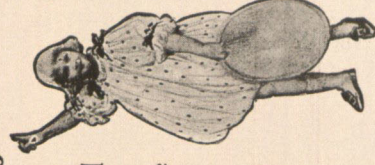
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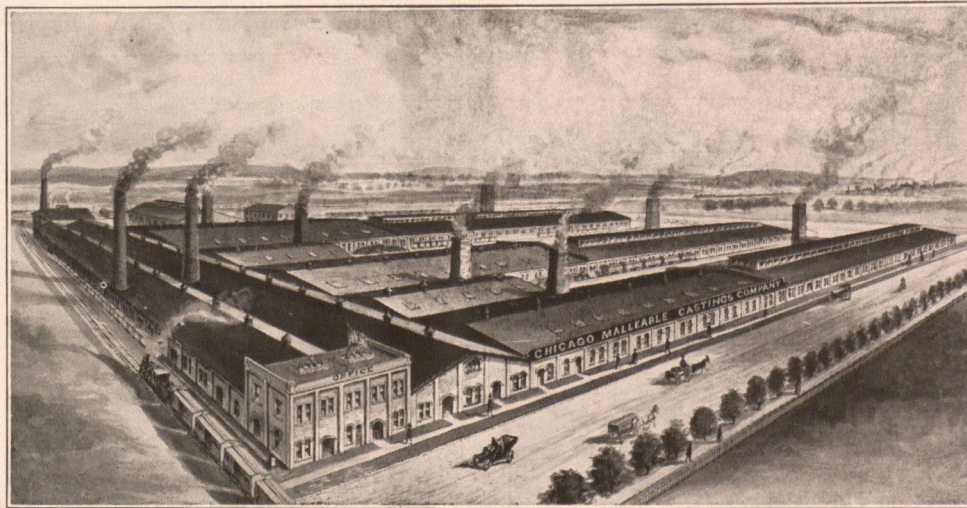
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